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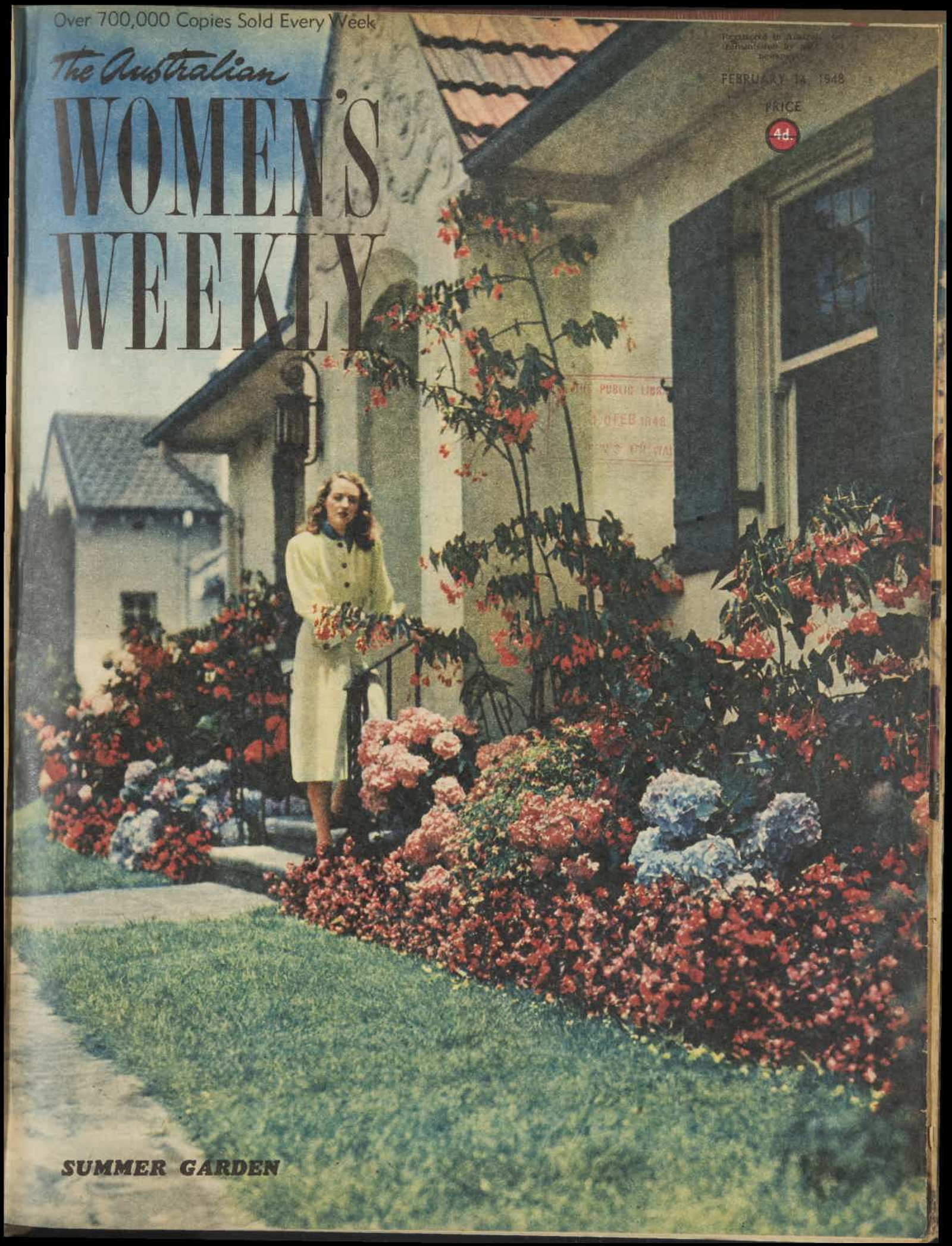
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 14, 1948

PRICE 4d.



SUMMER GARDEN

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"Blush Cleansing" brings beauty!

New way to a Lovelier Complexion with POND'S COLD CREAM

That clear, fresh glow is the new complexion look these days! But do you have to spend expensive hours in beauty treatments to get it? No — not even if you can afford the time and money.

You can give your skin an instant clean-sweet look — an instant softer, silkier feel right in front of your bathroom mirror. You can bring up the charming blush of colour which sings of youth — with the new "Blush Cleansing" designed specially to use with your favourite Pond's Cold Cream.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"Blush-Cleanse"

for Beauty with

Pond's Cold Cream

First ... YOU ROUSE YOUR SKIN

by pressing a face cloth wrung out in warm water against your face and throat.

Next ... YOUR "CREAM-CLEANSE"

while your skin is still receptively moist and warm. Spin generous fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upwards in circles over your face and throat, as if drawing little engagement rings over your skin. Pond's Cold Cream has a special demulcent action. It gently loosens dust and stale make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

Then ... YOUR "CREAM-RINSE"

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Thrilling results with "Engagement Rings" of POND'S COLD CREAM

Every night, give your face this complete Pond's "Blush-Cleansing". Every morning, give your face a once-over "Blush-Cleansing", warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Invite the soft-smooth Pond's "engaged look"! Dip your fingers deep into a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream night and morning — every day.

Miss Eleanor Painter

"BLUSH-CLEANSES" FOR BEAUTY WITH POND'S COLD CREAM

Charming engaged girl, Miss Eleanor Painter's profile is cameo-perfect, and her eyes darkly hazel under winged brows. Her complexion has a soft and fresh-as-a-dewy-rose look that is the lovely reward of lovely care. A Pond's "Blush-Cleanse" is her conscientious routine. "It feels blissful", she says, "and leaves my skin so clean-fresh and extra soft."

Amongst the beautiful women of Society who use Pond's: Mrs. John A. Roosevelt; Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr.; The Lady Daphne Straight; The Marchioness of Carisbrooke; Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle; Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III; The Duchess de Richelieu; Viscountess Mountbatten; Mrs. Williams Rhinelander Stewart.

Complete Complexion Care

POND'S COLD CREAM—*thorough skin cleanser and freshener.* **POND'S VANISHING CREAM**—*powder base and skin softener.*

At all chemists, chain and departmental stores in large or small jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag size tubes. It's more economical to buy the large jars.

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FIND THAT BLONDE!

I JUMPED three feet in the air and upset my drawing-board as J.B. suddenly yelled, "There she is!" I'd been working for J.B. for nearly a year, and my nerves were all shot to pieces.

"There she is, I tell you," the boss roared again, holding a copy of the "Daily Post" under my nose and pointing to a picture with his fat forefinger.

I gently pushed the sheet away to the proper focus, and looked at the picture. There was nothing strikingly original about it. Five girls in swimsuits, walking arm-in-arm along the promenade at Bondi Beach.

There were no names beneath the picture. The caption simply carried the obvious information that "these five happy girls made the most of the sunny week-end."

The boss was pointing to the girl in the middle of the line.

"Look at her," he demanded. "That blonde, the one in the centre, isn't she a peach?"

"She'll do till Lana Turner comes along," I admitted. "Do you know her?"

"Never saw her in my life," he said emphatically. "Never laid eyes on her." Saying everything twice is just one of J.B.'s peculiarities.

"Then what d'you mean, 'there she is'?" I said, setting up my drawing-board again.

"The Colortex Girl!" J.B. cried, his stocky figure animated with excitement.

He looked at me, his eyes sparkling.

"Don't you realise that we've got to have an outstandingly beautiful girl for the Colortex campaign? She's got to be something out of the box. And she's got to be new—none of the well-known models will do. Well, here she is"—he slapped the paper again—"The Colortex Girl."

"That's fine," I said. "All you've got to do is find her and—"

"All you have to do, you mean," J.B. chuckled. "What d'you think I pay you for?"

I groaned. As if I didn't have enough worry on my mind, the way things were with Julie.

"Suppose," I said hopefully, "just suppose that she doesn't want to be in it. What then?"

"Is that supposed to be a joke?" The boss was dumbfounded. "For the kind of money the Colortex people are willing to pay, what girl wouldn't want to be in it?"

"Maybe you're right," I said hastily. Agreeing with J.B. was the easiest way to get along. He worshipped money and thought that everybody else did.

"How am I supposed to find her, anyway?" I asked.

"That's your worry," he chuckled. "What d'you think I pay you for?"

Of course, when I first went to work for J. B. Cosey, I had the idea I was to be paid simply for drawing commercial pictures. He soon corrected that impression.

By . . . RAYMOND SLATTERY

Everyone who worked for J.B. worked for him wholly and absolutely. There were artists and advertisement salesmen and clerks and typists and an office boy, and they all seemed to do everything, from their own work to each other's.

The seventh floor of Martin House was something of a circus, with J.B. himself the star clown. But the pay was good, so I stayed there.

I took the fateful newspaper picture to Miss Donald, J.B.'s private secretary. She was making afternoon tea on a primus.

"Miss Donald," I appealed to her, "how does one go about finding a girl in a picture? As the one clear-headed person in this firm of muddleheads, maybe you can advise me."

"But I don't want my picture in the papers," she said with a smile.

She looked at the picture. She was a cool, efficient woman of about thirty, and was very proud of what she called her "constructive thinking."

"Hmm," she mused. "Pretty creature, isn't she? But I wonder why men are so attracted to blondes."

"Funny, isn't it," I said, thinking of my own black-haired Julie.

"No names," Miss Donald frowned. "That's awkward. If it was any paper but the 'Post' we could ask them to make a request for the girl to come forward."

"I thought of that myself," I said modestly. "But we're not playing speaks with the 'Post' at present, are we? Seems like a pretty hopeless task looking for that girl."

"Not at all," said Miss Donald. "A little constructive thinking is all that's required. I notice that the girl in question seems a trifle darker-skinned than her companions. Notice her—hmm—her thighs."

"I—hmm—I did," I said.

"But, as she's a blonde, it's reasonable to suppose that she isn't really dark-skinned. She's just tanned, see. What does that suggest?"

Please turn to page 4

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Be Lovelier Tonight!

Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap bring quick new loveliness. Give your skin this beautifying care!

The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

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Another Jewel from the Escapade Collection!

A "Red" RED

Pot of Gold is the loveliest red imaginable, which will add lustre to your new summer creations . . . and for your special occasion that super red cyclamen, "RAINBOW."

Escapade is made under licence and from the formula of America's largest cosmetic manufacturer of New York and Hollywood.

ESCAPADE

The Thoroughbred of LIPSTICKS

Find That Blonde

Continued from page 3

MISS DONALD beamed when I brilliantly replied, "She must be a regular beach girl."

"Exactly. And dyed-in-the-wool beach addicts usually frequent the same beach week after week. I suggest you look for this girl at Bondi next Sunday."

"Good!" I said. "Among sixty thousand people it'll be child's play——"

"I haven't finished yet, Mr. Jones. My next point is that lots of girls have ambition to become models, actresses, and so on. They can sometimes get started by having their pictures in the Press and making an impression on somebody. In fact, you can divide beach girls into two classes; the ones who like to surf, and the ones who like to be photographed.

"Now, this girl has a wonderful figure, and knows it. You can tell by the way she holds herself. Obviously, she likes being photographed."

"So what?" I said, wondering when she was going to get to the point.

"So what?" she said triumphantly. "So next Sunday you hire a camera and go to Bondi. Get a big camera, one that looks like a Press job. Walk up and down the prom, clicking it at the pretty girls. Sooner or later our 'Post' picture girl will come along—"

It didn't sound like much of an idea to me, but I couldn't think of a better one. I spent the remainder of the week looking for the right kind of camera and trying to see Julie.

I had more luck with the camera than with Julie. She was a stubborn sort of girl. She was wild with me. It all started because she wanted to become a professional model, and thought I ought to use my "influence" to get her started. I didn't see it that way.

A man doesn't want the girl he's going to marry to be a model. Not this man, anyway.

Not that I've anything against models, of course, but fancy seeing your wife's picture smiling at you from the morning paper, telling you that somebody's cigarettes, though unprocurable, were a triumph of scientific blending.

Imagine seeing your wife's figure on twenty-feet-high posters, telling the world that her suntan was due solely to the magic properties of Browniglow.

Well, I stalled her off for a time, but Julie was the kind of girl you could stall for just so long. When the showdown came, with me flatly refusing to help her into the advertising world, she showed me the door.

She claimed I didn't love her. She said she didn't want to see me any more. I thought she would get over it, but so far she hadn't.

I phoned her three times that week and called at her flat twice. On the phone she refused to speak to me, and at the flat she wouldn't let me in. But as I said before, I had better luck with the camera.

The man behind the counter probably thought I was crazy. When I impatiently cut into his lengthy explanations regarding timing, focus, and so on, he said: "But you need to know these things, sir. To get the best results from this particular camera—"

"Never mind," I said. "Here's the deposit. I'm not interested in how it works. And I don't want any films or plates or anything."

He looked dazed.

I grinned, and said: "It's a long story, pal. It has to do with my job at the Cosey Advertising Agency. If you know anything about the advertising game in general, and Cosey's, in particular, you'll understand how it is."

But he didn't. I could see it in his eyes as he handed me the receipt.

At Bondi it was a typical summer Sunday. Surf, sand, and acres of human flesh. I stood on the promenade admiring the view and plucking up the courage to go into action.

A girl in a white two-piece costume draped herself against the railing at my elbow. She studiously avoided looking at me or my camera, and when I timidly asked if I might photograph her—was she surprised!

"Golly," she said, or words to that effect. "Why should you want to do that?"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said. "Hold it, Beautiful."

I stepped back and bent one knee and squinted the way I'd seen the professionals do. People obligingly formed a ring. Some of them whistled. I clicked the empty camera several times, then thanked the girl. The crowd broke up.

"Golly," the girl said. "What paper will it be in?"

"The 'Daily Hoomphrenmm.'" I said politely, and disappeared into the crowd.

I walked along the promenade swinging my camera ostentatiously. Girls came from everywhere, but not the one I was looking for. Then suddenly I saw Julie.

She was beautiful, my Julie. She was tall and graceful. She had lots of shiny black hair, and she wore it falling rhythmically to her shoulders and curled under, the way I like it. She was blue-eyed and nicely tanned, and in her swimsuit she was really something.

Her first impulse was to toss her pretty head and flounce away. But she was curious about the camera, so she didn't.

"What's the idea?" she said. "Have you taken another job?" Her tone was cold. Only a girl like Julie could manage to be cold and curious at the same time.

"It's a gag, Chick," I told her. "It's a bait to catch a certain girl." I told her all about the scheme to find the girl in the "Daily Post" picture, and Julie got more and more furious as she listened.

"You're hateful!" she burst out at last. "You'd go to all this trouble to find a stranger and throw a modelling job in her lap, yet you won't lift a finger to help the girl you claim to love."

Put like that, of course, it did sound rather brutal. In fact, I could see Julie's point of view. I sighed.

"Look, Julie," I said, resignedly. "I will help you. If it's a choice between helping you and losing you—well, I don't want to lose you."

"Johnny," she said uncertainly, "D'you really mean that? Will you get me the Colortex job?"

"Hey, wait a minute," I gasped. "I didn't say that. J.B. is set on having this other girl for this particular job, you see. He's crazy about blondes. He just doesn't see brunettes. But never mind, honey, I'll get you some other——"

"I don't want some other," she said furiously. "You're just trying to put me off with promises again, Johnny. It isn't good enough. Goodbye!"

There was a horrible finality about that "Good-bye." My heart hit bottom. I looked over at rocky Ben Buckler and began wondering whether a leap would be very painful. I quickly decided that it would, and looked at some pretty girls instead.

And then—I saw her. The blonde. The one in the picture. I pulled the crumpled "Post" from my pocket to check. It was she, all-right.

She was tall, and very brown. She was crossing the road from the dressing-sheds, and when I stopped her at the prom. steps she turned smiling eyes on me inquiringly. She was beautiful!

"Excuse me, Miss," I said apologetically, "Could I have a word with you?"

She looked at the camera, and said: "If you want to take my picture, it's no go."

"Why not?" I said. "You were pictured in the 'Daily Post' the other night, weren't you?"

She grimaced distastefully, looking more beautiful than ever.

"I didn't see the photographer snap it," she laughed. "Really, I don't like being photographed. Try someone else."

"As a matter of fact," I said, slightly nettled, "I don't want to snap you at all. I want to give you a job."

Her eyes narrowed, and so did the smile.

"That's kind of you," she said, "but I already have a job."

She walked down on to the beach. I followed her. I couldn't let her get away. J.B. never accepted excuses for failure.

I picked my way between roasting bodies to where the tall blonde was setting down her things. She gave me an annoyed look.

"Look, I'm afraid I didn't make myself clear," I said. "I'm Johnny Jones, of Cosey Advertising. My boss sent me to Bondi especially to find you. He saw your picture in the 'Post.' He wants to give you a contract that'll pour lots of money into your—into your hands."

"But why should he do that?" She was smiling again now. Gosh, she was beautiful.

"Because you're so beaut—— I mean, you're just the type he wants for the Colortex Swimsuit campaign. It's going to be the biggest advertising contract we've ever handled. Your picture will be in all the magazines, on huge posters along the highways——"

"In a swimsuit?" she laughed. "No thanks."

I stared at her. "But think of the money," I said. "Or have you plenty?"

"The money," she said, "would be very handy. But I don't want my pictures in the magazines, I don't want my picture along the highways. Lots of girls would jump at it, and I don't blame them a bit. Everybody should do the things they want." She shrugged.

"And you," I said slowly, "you don't want?"

"That's right," she smiled. She stuffed her honey-colored hair into a bathing cap, and said: "So let's leave it at that, shall we? After all, I'm like lots of other girls. We actually come to Bondi to swim."

She walked briskly to the water's edge, a graceful figure on slim, graceful legs. She waded out and dived beneath a breaker. When I saw her again she was swimming strongly, right out to the first line of combers.

What a girl, I thought. She had everything. She probably had a husband, too, or a fiance. The thought disturbed me ridiculously.

I was rather glad that J.B. had gone away fishing that week-end. It meant that he wouldn't be at the office till Tuesday. It gave me a respite, and I spent most of Monday thinking up what I'd say to him.

Maybe, I thought, I better tell him that I hadn't found the girl. Failure to find her would sound more excusable than failure to sell her the Colortex idea.

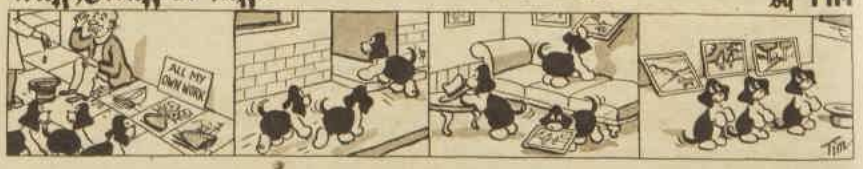
I talked it over with Miss Donald in the morning, and she agreed. Then she said: "But are you sure this girl isn't interested? Or is she just playing hard to get?"

"What d'you mean?" I demanded.

"It's funny," she said. "I'd have sworn, from the picture, that she knew she was being snapped, and liked it. Perhaps you were too eager, Mr. Jones. Perhaps she's waiting for you to raise the offer—"

Please turn to page 10

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — By TIM



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A THOUSAND LOOKED ON

By A. E. MARTIN

INSPECTOR GORMLEY is investigating the sensational murder of an unidentified man during an act by the mesmerist HERMAN FLAXMAN at the Colona Theatre.

Associated with the case is EGAN CRANE, impoverished actor just returned from America, who had planned to discredit Flaxman's act after learning from his brother, HARRY BUNCE, and Harry's wife, HETTY, that their sister, wealthy ex-actress MIRIAM LINDEL, is strongly under the mesmerist's influence.

Also involved are other Colona personnel, including knife-thrower PEDRO ALVINADO, his flirtatious wife ROSA, and BOB STRUTHERS, tap dancer, to whom Alvinado had given the murder knife in appreciation of a small act of courtesy.

By coincidence, most of the persons involved meet for lunch at Miriam's strange old house out of Parramatta, where Bob and his partner, JANIE DORAN, are staying. Later Inspector Gormley arrives with news that Miriam's name and address were the only identifying details on the person of the murdered man.

Miriam, however, denies knowledge of him; there is unpleasantness when Alvinado turns up, accusing Flaxman of an intrigue with his wife, and finally Miriam's old servant DUGALD despatches everyone from the premises.

Now read on:

WALKING to the railway station, Inspector Gormley came upon Bob and Janie. The girl was talking animatedly, the boy walking, hands in pockets, apparently content to be listener. As they met, Janie said: "Oh, Mr. Gormley, we've decided. Bob's going to write down everything that's happened."

Gormley smiled, good humoredly: "You're not by any chance telling him what to say?"

"Oh, no," she said. "He wouldn't let me do that. I'm only jogging his memory. I'm going to make him remember every little thing from the minute we met Mrs. Lindel yesterday—till now."

Bob shuffled his feet.

"I dunno, Janie," he said. "Everything's a pretty tall order. Guess a feller could hear bits that wouldn't have a thing to do with what happened and start a whole heap of trouble. Perhaps put a chap on the wrong track, too," he finished with a glance at the Inspector.

"You leave Mr. Gormley to do the sifting," Janie advised.

"I'm a good sifter," Gormley told them. "And discreet." He opened his satchel. "Take a peep," he said, holding a photograph, thrusting it in front of Bob.

Janie looked over his shoulder, cried "Oh," and turned away, sitting down suddenly on the low stone wall of a bungalow garden.

"Know him?" Gormley asked.

Bob replied: "It was the chap in the stalls who made a fuss about Flaxman's act. Said it was all fake. Leastways, it looks like him. Same sort of coat and things."

"But who is he?"

"I don't know."

Gormley looked at Janie. "Are you game?" he asked.

She came closer at once, facing the unpleasant job resolutely, holding tightly to Bob's fingers as she looked at the photo.

"No," she said, faintly, "he is an utter stranger."

Gormley thrust the photograph back into his satchel. He patted Janie's shoulder. "Good girl." His eyes twinkled. "You make him put it all down, Janie." Somehow the name slipped out naturally and neither of the others seemed to notice.

Hurrying aboard his train, Gormley thought over his talk with Mrs. Lindel. A scrap of the conversation persisted in his mind. He'd said something about her brother's sudden return being dramatic, and she'd said: "It seems to be a habit of my brother's."

That was a rather funny thing to say if this was the first time the one she called Toby had seen her for forty years or so. Suddenly he wondered whether what she had said had not referred to Bunce as well. "It seems to be a habit of my brother's."

A little clarifying of Miriam Lindel's background was definitely called for. Well, that could be managed, and it might bring other things into focus. This fellow Egan Crane, too! Though as he'd just arrived from America, it would take time to check up on him.

Gormley, gazing out of the window, did not see the crowded suburbs. He saw himself, in his office that morning, talking to a thin, clean-shaved little man with furtive eyes—the man who had supplied comic relief in Flaxman's disastrous act.

The little man had said: "So help me, Inspector, I don't know anything more. I fixed it up with Flaxman to volunteer to come up on the stage when he asked, so I took the bag along to make it look like I was a tradesman, see. I didn't know there was going to be any murder."

Gormley reconstructed the scene. He'd opened the little black bag on his desk, taking out of it a woman's bangle and a wallet. He opened the wallet and counted thirty-one dollars in United States currency.

He heard himself say: "Listen, Hatch. This is murder. When you left the stage, pretending to be hypnotised by Flaxman, what did you do?"

"Do? I went into the box, like he told me, like he'd arranged, and got behind the curtains."

"Why?"

Hatch looked astonished. "Why?" he repeated. "'Cause he told me. I had to stay put till he gave me the office."

Gormley looked at the wallet. "You swear that you never touched this wallet after you pinched it?"

"No, nor the bangle. I dropped 'em in the bag—first chance."

Gormley said innocently: "How much was in the wallet?"

"Wallet? I told you I never looked at it. I got it in the interval. In the vestibule. It wasn't half a joke to see the bloke I got it from up there on the stage. I was in a blue funk. Then I saw he didn't twig."

"You went into the box, taking the bag. Flaxman had told you to stay put until he gave you the office. Did you?"

"Did I? I could just see that bird who had been making the fuss in the stalls, because I was leaning back behind the curtains, see, pretending my eyes were closed, just in case. Then all at once I see him cop it."

Gormley said: "Yes? How?"

The other said: "He was gettin' up off his chair pretendin' a pin had stuck in him, and the next thing there's a knife in his back."

"You saw it happen?"

"Aren't I telling you? Someone threw it. Someone musta threw it."

"All right. You think someone threw it. From where?"

"From where? How should I know? One minute it's not there and then it is."

Gormley said: "O.K. What did you do?"

"Do? I got."

"Immediately?"

"Please, nice policeman," Rosa said to Gormley, "take Mr. Courtenay away and hang him."

"Immediately? No. I stayed in the box—behind the curtains. I was in a blue funk. Mixed up in a murder like."

"Well, how did you get out?" the detective asked.

Hatch said: "I saw the coppers going through the box opposite. I reckoned one might come through my box, too. I had the wind up fair and square. I mooched out—into the stalls. Just natural like." He had added: "I left the moustache in the box."

"That moustache! That's something new, isn't it, Hatch?"

"New? I'll say. Flaxman's idea that was."

Gormley smiled: "And you left it in the box. And the doings?"

"The doings? Oh, the bag. Yes, and me hat. I'd forgotten it. I kicked it into a corner. I didn't want to get mixed up. Not in a murder. Nasty."

GORMLEY made no comment, and after a moment Hatch went on: "Well, you know the rest. No one twigged me without the half-a-mo and the bag. And me tit-for-tat. Who's got me hat?"

"I don't know," Gormley told him. "Detective Donovan says he picked you up in the stalls vestibule." He went on: "You know me, Hatch. I'll see you get a deal. You don't want to get in deep."

"Too right," the little man said earnestly.

"Tell me the truth, then. How much money was in the wallet?"

"Wallet? I've told you," Hatch reiterated. "Thirty-one dollars."

"I thought you said you'd never touched it."

"Touched it? I made a mistake. I nipped a quick look, and I was fair narked. Thirty-one dollars. I always thought these Yanks were crawling with money."

Well, Gormley thought, as his train drew into Central Station, Egan Crane had said he was "crawling" with a thousand dollars, but personally he didn't believe it. Somehow he believed the frightened pickpocket.

Proceeding to the Colona Theatre, Gormley found Randle, the manager, standing at the stage door talking to Courtenay, the conductor of the orchestra. Randle had his watch in his hand and said, irritably: "I thought we'd have had this over by now. What about tomorrow's matinee?"

"Go ahead," Gormley said. "Business as usual. I don't want you any more, anyway."

"Good," Randle said, and bustled off.

"Nor me, I hope," Courtenay put in. He was spruce in well-pressed fawn pants and brown coat with a maroon tie with cream spots.

"For no more than a moment," Gormley said. "I want you to show me just exactly where you were when that thing happened last night. You've told me. Now I want you to show me."

"Certainly," Courtenay agreed. "Don't tell me I'm on the list?"

"You might be at that," the detective said, amiably.

"Too bad," Courtenay said. "I go on holidays in a month's time. I'd hate to be hanged before then." He was leading the way through the theatre as he spoke.

At the end of the corridor leading to the stage they could see Rosa Alvinado coming downstairs. She paused as she caught sight of them and smiled, looking charming, though a little cheeky, in a black frock which to Gormley's Puritan mind caressed her figure with aggressive familiarity. Bizarre earrings and necklace of gold gave a contrasting touch of color.

She came slowly down the remaining steps, swinging her fox fur, eyeing them with some curiosity.

Courtenay called banteringly: "Don't say a word, darling. I've been arrested."

Her eyes opened a little wider before she saw he was jesting, then she gave a coquettish shrug. "Well," she said, "you have a very nice policeman to take you to gaol."

"Thank you, Miss Alvinado," Gormley said. "I want to see you soon."

She smiled, and, coming closer, flicked him lightly under the chin with her finger. "You're not the only one, lovey."

Courtenay caught her by the arm and swung her round, pretending to be tough. He burlesqued a cheap gangster, warning her in a hoarse voice: "Listen, sister. Dis cop's dynamite, see. He'll give you de thold degree wit velvet gloves on, see. You best keep your trap closed. Git me?"

She gave him a look and grimaced. "Please, nice policeman," she said to Gormley, "take Mr. Courtenay away and hang him."

Courtenay grinned, and said, "O.K., nice policeman. Come along. I'll show you."

He led the detective into the stalls and then along the orchestra rail, lifting its curtain: "This is where we go so we won't see Flaxman do his murders," he said, and stepped through an opening leading beneath the stage. It was dark until Courtenay flicked on a light.

It was not so much a room as a space in which Gormley found himself.

There were some old chairs set about a table formed by a board laid across trestles. One could hear people walking about on the stage above.

Courtenay explained: "My boys' room when they have a few bars' rest." He touched a chair with a broken back. "Queen Anne period."

Please turn to page 10

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Norma F. Sleeman

One glimpse of the charred paper changed his dreams to nightmare

JOHN SHERMAN sat in his big easy chair before the open fire enjoying his last pipe before retiring. If asked, he could not have definitely stated of what he was thinking.

His thoughts sped on, forming a chain, each link a separate idea, each connected with the other but always meeting with the next before he had time to grasp its true significance.

Warm and contented, the smell of tobacco burning made him think of its origin, the tobacco plant, natives gathering it in some far-off land.

He had read somewhere that the natives in India were starving. He wondered what it felt like to starve, and his thoughts skipped on until he was deep in a confused muddle, far remote from anything to do with his original mind-picture.

So it is with chain-thinkers and so it is that they are always brought sharply back to reality by something not at all relative to their mental wanderings.

A log gave way at last to the engulfing demands of its master, Fire, and the fall of the weight of logs it carried brought the occupant of the chair sharply back to the realities of the room.

He bent to knock out his pipe on the fender and his glance fell on a sheet of paper lying charred and half burned.

"Wonder that escaped the flames," he said aloud, and looked at it idly as he went to lean back in his chair.

A sudden blaze in the fire focused its glare on the paper. The typewritten words seemed to magnify and dance about as if inviting him to study it.

It was his ingrained habit of orderliness rather than curiosity that made him pick up the charred paper. He was irritated by untidiness.

He glanced casually at the typing, but suddenly his eyes became glued on the words. Then, as if the frail sheet within his grasp still held some of the heat captured from the fire, he dropped it suddenly into the flames.

He was unconscious of the feeble flutter it made in that mass of burning logs. He was unconscious of everything in the world except the words typed on that sheet of paper and which even in a few minutes had stamped themselves indelibly on his memory.

Incredible! Elizabeth!

No mistaking that "drunken type," as she often called it gaily, when rattling on the keys. If he had not known how adamant she was in not allowing other people to use her typewriter he might have thought someone else had written it.

Elizabeth always typed her letters. He had told her they lost their personal touch that way, but she had said it saved her time and what was the use of having a typewriter if no one used it? Yes, it must be true. Elizabeth had written it!

But to whom? Her mother, most likely.

"I never keep a secret from you, mother, darling," he could hear her saying. She confided everything to her mother, why not this?

He wiped his eyes with thumb and forefinger as if to clear away what he had read, but when he opened them again it was still there.

". . . am quite sure that Archibald is the only real love in my life . . . no one else could ever fill his place, though one has tried for years. . . . He in turn worships the ground I walk on . . . when he looks at me the devotion shines from his eyes . . . only yesterday, when we went for one of our usual walks in the bush, I could feel that he needs me always as much as I need him. . . ."

Situations like these were purely fictional, he had always thought. A charred piece of paper, evidence of a wife's infidelity, picked up by a wronged husband—all a bit of hooey. He'd have said if he'd read it in a magazine.

Even if it was remotely possible that it could happen, it would never have occurred to him to place himself in the role of one of the characters.

He had always felt so secure in his family life and, when he heard of broken homes, he had always been sure that nothing like that could ever touch him. He had always been thankful that he had married Elizabeth, with all her good commonsense. Thankful, not only for the good wife she had been to him, but for the children's sake that they could respect their mother.

"Why, John, you old dreamer!" She said, taking off her gloves.

Beth was just at the age when this could influence her future life. Thank heavens June and Bobby were still children. Even at twelve, June was apt to romance too much. He resolved in the first brief moments of possessing this knowledge of his wife's infidelity that it was his place to keep it from his children.

What of himself? Who could realise and help him share the shock it had brought?

He sat down in his chair again, but it seemed to have lost the soft comfort it once afforded him. In this very chair he had been sitting night after night since they were married, sometimes, as now, all alone, Elizabeth having gone to some women's meeting. He sat up quickly.

What a complete fool she had made of him. Women's meetings. What rot!

SHERMAN wondered who Archibald was. It was not jealousy, he told himself, that forced his mind back to old acquaintances, trying to place him in some past episode. No, not jealousy. Jealousy is for young men.

In the middle-aged man, pride can control this more youthful emotion, and John Sherman sought to identify this man, not just as a rival, but more as the accessory to a crime. A woman's betrayal of a man is a crime, he contended.

The fire died and he still sat there, the "Archibald" of the destroyed letter still unidentified. He did not even give himself the pleasure of another pipe for consolation. He had been deeply hurt and the newness of it made him want to feel the pain of it so as not to put it behind him as if it had not happened.

The more he reflected the more significant became trivial unimportant things his wife had done recently. He would have recognised them sooner had he not been so smugly secure.

There was nothing left for him now, save his position, and she would not take that from him if he could help it. For his children's sake he would not let her know he had stumbled on her secret. He would pretend he did not notice the way she avoided being alone with him. He wondered how she could sleep nights with such a weight on her mind and even at this stage the incredibility of it brought a frown of perplexity to his brow.

She was a woman whom Nature and the years had treated kindly. She had greyed prematurely, but it had added to her charm.

John realised this as he looked at her entering the room. It was hard to imagine of her what he now knew. (Why, she must be forty, or was it forty-one? He never could be quite sure.) He winced as he thought of it. It seemed degrading in a person of her years with an eighteen-year-old daughter.

She crossed the room to where he sat in front of the dead fire and kissed him on the forehead.

"Why, John, you old dreamer!" she said to him, beginning to take off her gloves. "You've let the fire go out."

"So I have," he said as if he had not noticed before, but he thought, "Not a dreamer any longer, I'm afraid. How well you act!"

She pulled a chair closer to his.

"It was boring, as usual, to-night. I wonder that I continue to bother with these meetings and leave this lovely fire." She smiled.

"That terrible Mrs. Jeffries was there, gossiping as usual. According to her, that nice man who has just shifted in to the old house at the end of the street isn't a bachelor as supposed. She says his wife doesn't live with him. I don't . . ."

John jumped up from his chair.

"Elizabeth," he said irritably, "You do run on so!"

His wife was not annoyed at his sudden outburst. Instead, she said sympathetically:

"Oh, how thoughtless of me, dear. Here I am telling you gossip when you must be positively weary, sitting up waiting for me all this time. Let's go to bed."

She tucked her arm in his as they left the room, but he made the excuse of reaching for the light-switch to be free of her touch.

He slept very little that night. The children, at breakfast, seemed to be making more noise than usual, and he silenced them with a bad-tempered rebuke. They were surprised at his tone, and Elizabeth looked up from pouring the coffee with much the same expression, but said nothing. He didn't even wait to read the morning paper, but instead strode out of the room with a casual farewell and went straight to the office.

He wanted to discuss it with someone, but whom? It wasn't something you could discuss with your fellow-employee, or even talk about over a glass of beer at the club. It had to be a special confidante and he could think of none.

All the years of his marriage, he had made his wife his companion. He had discussed all his problems with her. He toyed a few minutes with the idea of going home and having the whole thing out with her once and for all, but he dismissed it as being impossible. Of course, she'd deny everything, and what proof did he have? He'd simply look a jealous fool and she'd laugh at him behind his back.

The hours dragged. He couldn't concentrate on his work. He told himself he was too old to have to face something like this. Ten years ago, yes, but now. Why, he was almost fifty. He wondered, then, if it was the gap in their ages that had caused the whole thing. This he doubted very much, because she had often said a husband should be at least ten years older than a wife—they took so much longer to grow up.

The same question doggedly drummed through his mind. What to do? What to do? By 5.30 he decided it was best to refrain from taking any action. This was his cross and, for his children's sake, he'd bear it.

At dinner his mood was much the same as at breakfast. Elizabeth remarked upon his gruffness.

"It isn't like you, John, dear, to be hard on the children. Are you sure you aren't sickening for something? Let me get you a tablet."

John refused the offer. It was the last thing he wanted for her to be fussing around him with kindness. It would have made him feel better had she been outwardly nasty to him. He could have really hated her then and even that would be more acceptable than this desolate loneliness he was suffering.

Somehow he managed to sit through the meal, without giving more cause for complaint. June and Bobby bickered at each other as was their habit, but he said nothing. Beth excused herself and hurried out and Elizabeth began to clear the table. Very complainingly, the children started their home lessons and John was left with his paper.

He made his way to the kitchen to help his wife with the dishes. It wasn't expected of him, he knew. Elizabeth, give her her due, believed a man should be free to read the papers after having a hard day at work, but he felt that he could not trust his mind if he were left alone. Even being in the same room and at such close proximity to Elizabeth was preferable to that.

She chatted about the happenings of the day and he listened, content to let them occupy his mind. She did not again mention the meeting of last night, and he decided that it was her own conscience that forbade her to do so. He would have liked to have her mention it in a way. He didn't believe she would be a good hand at lying if put to the test, but he dreaded the outcome even more than the uncertainty of not knowing.

The dishes finished, there was no longer any excuse for him not following the usual nightly procedure. The chair in front of the fireplace now held only a sense of restlessness, but he sat in it nevertheless. He did not trust himself to look into the fire. The dancing tongues of flames would have transformed themselves into glowing, leaping question-marks.

Later on in the evening when he was sitting there making a pretence of reading the paper, Bobby came and sat at his feet. Bobby had one great fault. He was a chatterer. No one paid much attention to the answers given to his many questions or, for that matter, the questions themselves. Bobby just loved to talk.

"Dad!" he said. "Don't you think girls are stupid?"

His father agreed absently.

"I think June's even sillier than most girls, too. She's always doing the silliest of things." Sometimes it was not even necessary to reply at all.

"She got into trouble yesterday, Dad. I told her she would if she got copped using Mum's typewriter, but she wouldn't listen to me, so it serves her right. It wouldn't have been so bad either if Mum hadn't read what she typed. It was supposed to be a composition to take to school, and when Mum read it she forgot she was angry with June and just stood there laughing and laughing and reading bits of the silly thing out loud. The more she'd laugh the madder June'd get until at last she was so wild she snatched it out of Mum's hand and threw it in the fire. It was . . ."

Mr. Sherman sat up quickly.

"The fire?" he repeated. "Did you say your mother threw something in the fire?"

"No, Dad, June—her composition. But, gee, you would've, too, if you'd read the mush that was in it. All about loving a dog and him loving her. And what do you think she gave him for a name?"

"Archibald?" ventured his father.

Bobby was amazed.

"Gee, Dad, how'd you guess? Isn't it a terrible name to give a dog?"

John Sherman relaxed back in his lovely warm chair and lit his pipe.

"I think it's a wonderful name for a dog!" he said.

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That Infernal Charm

By KATHERINE ALBERT

"Your white goatee looks quite rakish," Flora told Sally.

WHEN Flora looked at her cheque book, she suddenly remembered she was thirty-five instead of twenty. The stubs reminded her of those expensive creams—night cream, eye cream, neck cream—whose elaborate containers decorated her dressing-table.

Then there were the dusty-rose girdle, made with such loving care and at such a price by Madame Marcelle; the footprints on the soft carpet made by the heavy sensible shoes of Olga, her masseuse. It was all this expensive upkeep that made the fifteen years' difference.

She certainly felt no different. Her spirit was as fresh as a girl's. And, thanks to the costly appurtenances, once she was up and showered and dressed, she looked not much different. She looked better, actually, because she took care that her suits were well tailored and her stocking seams straight.

All in all, she was lovely. And she was engaged.

Yes, she was engaged to be married, and it had happened only last night. Yet when she thought of her engagement, as she was doing now, her pulse beat as rhythmically, as steadily as if it had hired out to run a grandfather's clock. And that, she supposed, was the difference.

When one was twenty and lovely and engaged, the pulse was a zany. She peeled back the soft cosmetic gloves she slept in and gazed at her wrist. She would show her pulse a thing or two.

She thought of Roger. She thought of him very hard. He was so tall that he could carry his inclination toward paunchiness with distinction.

Although he was fifty, he had all his hair. It was grey, of course. Not just interestingly grey at the temples, but grey all over. Well, for heaven's sake, couldn't a man look distinguished with hair that was grey all over?

Last night, when she had told him she would marry him he had put his arms around her and said, "This is the happiest moment of my life."

She stared at her wrist. "There," she said to her pulse, "that ought to do it."

One, two, three, four, five, six. Steady, firm. Seventy-two beats to the minute right on the dot.

"Botheration!" she said and got out of bed.

She was removing the remains of her night cream when the door opened quietly and Sally poked her head in the room.

"Are you up, Mother?" the little girl asked, regarding Flora seriously.

Sally would never be as pretty as Flora. She looked like her father's side of the family—at least, that's what Flora always told herself because she did not want to admit that Sally looked like her divorced husband.

"Good morning, darling," Flora said. "Isn't it a lovely day to spend a Saturday?"

"Lovely," said Sally. "Are we going to the park?"

"The minute I'm dressed," Flora said. "And then Uncle Roger is taking us both to lunch." She turned, a moist cotton-pad in her hand. "Oh, no. You won't be calling him Uncle Roger any more."

"Why?" Sally asked, examining the pots of cream as if seeing them for the first time.

"Well, because he won't be your uncle any more."

"He never was," said Sally. "He just wanted me to call him that." Then she gave her mother a long, penetrating look. "I don't see it."

"I am going to be married to Uncle Rog— I mean I'm going to marry Mr. Holcombe. I mean Roger and I—"

"I see," said Sally.

"So he'll be your father," Flora said somewhat doubtfully.

"But not my real father," said Sally.

She picked up Flora's eyebrow pencil and drew a lopsided moustache on her upper lip.

"Aren't you pleased?" Flora asked.

"Uh," said Sally.

"Yes, Mother," said Flora.

"Yes, Mother," said Sally.

"All right," said Flora. "Now go take that off your lip and have your breakfast, and tell Martha to bring my coffee in and we'll be in the park in no time."

"We won't be at the park in no time. We'll be at the park in forty minutes or fifty," said Sally and left the room.

"She's such a literal child," Flora said as Martha brought in the coffee-tray.

"Yes, ma'am, she certainly is a lovely little girl," the woman replied.

Flora waved Martha away and poured the hot dark liquid into her cup, conscious of the sense of peace that always possessed her when she had done the right thing. This was much better than having a pulse that wanted to run races all the time.

She had certainly done the right thing by telling Roger she would marry him. Sally needed a father. She needed contact with a solid male mind, and Roger's was solid. And she needed the security that Roger could give her.

Flora had known Roger, it seemed to her, forever. Never again would she make the shocking mistake of marrying a man she had known but two weeks. She felt that only through personal sacrifice could she assuage her sense of guilt for having given Sally such a paternity.

Only a fool, Flora told herself, would make the same mistake twice—and Pete looked suspiciously like the same mistake.

Walking toward the park, Sally reached out and took Flora's hand in hers. She squeezed it hard and, looking straight ahead, asked as casually as she could, "What about Pete?"

Thud! That was Flora's pulse. The usually steady thing had suddenly gone berserk. Pete! Thud!

Flora looked straight ahead, too. And, as casually as she could, she said, "Why, what about Pete?"

"Are you going to tell him you're going to marry Uncle Roger?"

"Sally," Flora said, her voice stern, "you must stop calling Uncle Roger, Uncle Roger. Refer to him as 'Father,' or 'Daddy' or whatever children call the men their mothers marry."

She was stalling for time and knew it. She was being deliberately cross with Sally because she did not want to think about Pete just then.

"Well, are you going to tell Pete you're going to marry Uncle Roger?" Sally persisted.

Flora shrugged her shoulders much too casually. "I might tell him or I might not. I'm sure it would make no difference to Pete one way or the other."

Sally's silence let Flora know that Sally thought it would make a difference to Pete.

Flora had met Pete in the park a month ago. Or, rather, Sally had met him. Flora had been deep in a book while Sally, so she thought, sailed her boat on the lake. Suddenly she heard a masculine voice saying, "Your daughter will, if she sticks at it, make a first-class navigator."

Flora looked up and liked what she saw. The man's face was tanned, his eyes were as blue as his hair was red. He was wearing brown slacks and a tan jacket, and he leaned on a stick as if he needed it. Sally was directly behind him.

"Mother," she said, in her very formal voice, "Allow me to present my friend, Pete."

As Flora was later to learn Pete was thirty-five. He was disengaged. He had been discharged by the Navy shortly after the end of the war. His ship had been torpedoed and he, having spent eleven hours in the water, emerged with a piece of lead in his leg.

But this knowledge of him came later. It came during Saturday mornings and Sunday afternoons when he lay on the grass at Flora's feet and told her and Sally about the boats he loved.

Flora found herself wishing that there was only herself to consider. She might take a chance on her own security, but she could not take the chance on Sally's well-being. She found herself hating Sally's father for having taught her to be wary of the quickening pulse, the sudden friendship, the short courtship, the "rolling stone."

Pete had had scores of varied jobs and had lived in dozens of remote spots on the globe. How unlike Roger he was in every way. Roger knew but one job, that of junior partner in his father's legal firm.

But why, Flora wondered, as she and Sally entered the park, was she trying to compare two men who bore no physical or spiritual resemblance to each other?

She had told Sally it was no concern of Pete's whether she was engaged or not, but she had lied. As they rounded the bend in the path by the lake and saw him she knew he would be concerned.

"You're late," he said, and Flora was glad there was accusation in his voice. Roger was never accusing. Roger would wait for hours if she were late for an appointment with him.

Sally was saying, "It wasn't my fault. Mother took longer than sometimes with her face."

Pete turned his blue eyes to Flora, scrutinising her. "I can see she did," he said. "Why?"

"I was repairing a ravage," Flora said. "And that closes the subject."

"When a woman takes longer than sometimes with her face," Pete said, "she is either trying to look especially lovely for someone she loves or trying to conceal something from someone she loves."

"Spoken like an ex-sailor," said Flora, "who knows nothing about women."

He looked at her out of the corners of his eyes. "What are you worried about?" he asked her.

"Nothing. I'm as happy as a lark," Flora said. "Run along, Sally. There's your boy friend with the three-masted schooner making 'come on' gestures at you."

Reluctantly Sally drew herself away from the adults and joined the children at the lake.

"What is she worried about," Pete asked.

"Sally? Worried? She's happy as a lark, too," Flora said.

"She seems very far from heaven's gate to me," Pete said. And then, "Now, look. You two are keeping something from me. Come on. Tell Uncle Peter all about it."

Flora stood up suddenly and stamped her foot. "Don't call yourself Uncle Peter," she shouted and then, feeling very foolish and childish indeed, she sat down and stared toward the lake.

"Very well," said Pete amiably, "then let old Pete share in your happiness. What is the cause of this feeling of bliss you taunted me with a moment ago?"

"I'm going to be married," said Flora, not looking at him.

He leaned against the back of the bench. "I see," he said quietly. And then, almost to himself, "To give Sally security."

She whirled toward him. She was shouting again. "It's not that at all," she cried.

"Then it's because you're desperately, madly in love with him, because you cannot bear to be away from him for even so much as a Saturday morning, because the very thought of him makes your throat ache and your hands tremble."

"Exactly," Flora said. And then she said, "Shut up!" And burst into tears.

"Look out," he said. "You'll have to fix your face again."

"I told you," Flora said, controlling her sobs, "I do not want to discuss my face."

"We weren't discussing your face . . ." Pete began cryptically, and added, "May I come to the wedding?"

"No," said Flora.

There was a pause as Pete stretched himself full length on the grass at her feet. Looking up at her lazily he said at last, "Poor Flora." She knew this was bait and she refused to bite. She wanted to cry again but she bit her lip instead.

He stood up, towering above her, and said, "I'm an unstable character, Flora, but that's because I've never found anybody I wanted to be stable for. But if love . . ."

"Stop it!" she cried. She had suddenly been hurled back into the past. Sally's father, who had not been Sally's father then, had called himself an unstable character. Sally's father had wooed and won her with charm and excitement alone. And look what had happened.

It was only a fool, as her father used to say, who made the same mistake twice. And Pete looked like the same mistake to her.

Please turn to page 28

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A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 5

STILL leading the way, Courtenay conducted the detective further under the stage to where a space had been partitioned to form a small office, the door on the far side facing the back of the theatre.

"We had the door on the other side, but the draught used to blow up my underpants," he said, and added: "I stayed with the boys over there for a while. I rebuked them. I told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves leaving the pit when there was such an edifying act on."

Gormley said: "You don't like Flaxman, do you?"

Courtenay was lighting a cigarette. He struck a wax match on a notice reading "No Smoking," and said: "Not much. He's flash. I suppose all those acts get that way."

He tossed the match away and pointed into his office. "I do my orchestrations here," he said. "Till I heard about the rumpus on the stage I was in here."

Gormley looked about him. "You certainly make yourself comfortable," he commented.

After the bareness of the musicians' room this was a little paradise with a desk and easy chair and a few framed theatrical caricatures around the walls. There was a settee with cushions.

Courtenay said: "In case you're curious, I use it to rest upon between shows."

"Good idea," the detective said, imperturbably. "Would you do something for me?"

He looked up at the ceiling and said: "Go back to the boys' room and stand immediately under the spot where that chap was killed. As near as you can judge it, I mean. Call out when you're there and then get back here as fast as you can without running."

Courtenay looked surprised. "Of course," he said. "By Jove, this is good. I've never seen any actual Sherlocking. Did someone stab him through the floor?"

"Something like that," Gormley said.

The moment the conductor had gone his eyes made a swift search of the desk. He bent down and looked about the floor, and when Courtenay called, "I am now on X marks the spot," was running his hand over the settee in the corner.

"Right," he called. "When I say 'go,' walk smartly back." In a few seconds he called "go." When Courtenay rejoined him he was standing with his watch in his hand.

He said: "Very interesting," and put his watch away.

"By Jove, you are an oyster, aren't you?" Courtenay commented. "Have we solved anything?" Gormley without reply flicked out the light. "Let's go up," he said, shortly.

They climbed the steps and emerged at the rear of the stage. A little distance away Alvinado was striding restlessly about. Beyond him artists were standing in groups talking.

Courtenay said: "I'm showing the Inspector round. The police are thinking of buying the joint as a home for ageing bull-fighters." Alvinado glared, but said nothing.

Pointing to an archway, Courtenay went on, "That's the prop. room where Harry Bunce is Lord High Muck of the Junk Heap." He put his hand to his mouth and said in a stage whisper, affecting awe, "Over there was the scene of the murder."

Gormley said: "Thank you, Mr. Courtenay. You've been very helpful."

"It's a pleasure," Courtenay said with a little bow. He looked at his wrist-watch and grinned: "I've just time to get to church. I suppose I can't tempt you along. No? Well, I suggest you sit up here all night and wait for the ghost."

Gormley's jaw set. He said, sternly, his eyes hostile: "I don't like joking about such matters, Mr. Courtenay. Some day you may have some private sorrow of your own. I was never a great church man, but I have found consolation in seeking for the truth, trying to commune with departed loved ones."

Courtenay's mouth opened. "Don't tell me you go for that spiritualist stuff?" he ejaculated.

"I am a spiritualist," Gormley informed him, sternly, "but I do not wish to discuss the matter."

"Thank heaven for that," Courtenay said fervently. "Well, love to the ghost."

Gormley said: "I don't think that's funny."

As Courtenay moved away he glanced perfunctorily at the opening to Harry Bunce's workroom and caressed the inside of his cheek with his tongue. "At least," he told himself, "I've established a reputation."

Alvinado was still pacing up and down when Gormley crossed the stage, and asked the bird trainer, Joe Parotti, who was sitting on the bottom step of the dressing-room stairs, whether he had seen Rosa Alvinado. Parotti jerked a thumb over his shoulder and told him the number of her room.

"By the way," the detective said casually, "you told me yesterday the face of the man who was killed was just a bit familiar. Have you called his name to mind?"

"No, I haven't," Parotti said, testily. "I got no time to waste thinking about his sort."

"And you maintain you were in your room with the birds when the crime occurred."

"What's the good of me telling you again?" Parotti began to move off. "Ask the cockatoo. He'll tell you."

Please turn to page 13

Find That Blonde

Continued from page 4

INDIGNANT at the thought, I broke in, "Wait a minute," I said. "You've got her wrong. She never even asked about the pay. She's genuine. She's fine and lovely—"

"My goodness," Miss Donald said, wide-eyed. "What are you getting excited about? Have you fallen for the girl?"

I stamped away to my studio. Had I fallen for the girl?—trust Miss Donald to think of a thing like that. Ridiculous. I was in love with Julie.

It's funny the way things happen sometimes. There I'd gone to all that trouble to find the blonde at Bondi, and on the Monday, what happened? I slipped into Geraldi's for lunch. The cafe was crowded, and pretty soon a tall, well-dressed girl slid into the seat opposite me—the blonde.

"Well, if this isn't a pleasant surprise," I said. "For me, anyway. Remember me, the man who annoyed you yesterday?"

I saw recognition light her eyes. She said smiling: "Are you following me around?"

"I came in first, didn't I?" I grinned.

She said: "Yes, of course. I was only joking. And you didn't annoy me yesterday. You were very nice."

Pretty soon we were talking, friendly as you like. She was easy to talk to. She was quiet, but very sure of herself. She wasn't shy and she wasn't forward. She smiled a lot, and she looked her best when she smiled.

I learned, among other things, that her name was Joan, and that she surfed at Bondi every Sunday, sometimes with friends, sometimes alone.

"You should try it some time," she said. "It's wonderful sport."

I said I might do that. I noticed, quite idly, of course, that her fingers were ringless. It was rather unexpected to find she was unattached. Such a lovely girl, I mean. I thought these thoughts quite idly, of course. It meant nothing to me.

On the Tuesday morning J. B. Cosey arrived at the office with the usual fanfare of trumpets.

I hid in my studio away from all the fuss. Maybe he'd forget me for a while, I hoped. Perhaps he'd even forgotten about the Colortex Girl.

Then I heard his heavy footsteps approaching my door, and I groaned. But at that moment Miss Donald cried out that there was a young lady to see him. J.B.'s footsteps stamped away again, and I heard him roar: "Show her in, then, show her in."

In a little while Miss Donald entered my studio, a superior smile on her face.

"I wasn't so wrong, after all," she said. "There's a tall young blonde interviewing the boss. She's very suntanned, and very beautiful. She's come about the Colortex job."

"So what?" I said uncomfortably.

"So your wonderful beach girl isn't so uninterested, after all," she said. It was almost a sneer.

"Rot," I said. "It can't be . . . Joan."

"I don't know what her name is," Miss Donald said. "But she told J.B. that she heard about the Colortex opening from a Mr. Johnny Jones, at Bondi last Sunday. She's decided she'd like the job, and the way J.B. is acting, she's going to get it."

Well, it just went to show, that's all. Given time to think it over, the glamor and the money involved had become too much to resist.

Not that I blamed her. But I did feel a vague disappointment, somehow. She'd seemed such a strong-minded person. I thought these thoughts quite idly, of course. It really meant nothing to me.

I thought about the meeting at Geraldi's yesterday, and smiled wanly. Maybe it hadn't been so accidental, after all. Perhaps she had been waiting for me to bring the matter up again.

"Johnny!" J.B. burst in at the door. "Johnny, she's wonderful. She's terrific. And you're terrific, too, finding her like that."

"Glad you like her," I said.

"Like her?" he roared. "She's even more beautiful than she looked in the picture. Come along to my office, Johnny. I want to arrange for you to do pictures of her in a Colortex."

He grabbed my arm and hauled me away, upsetting my drawing-board in the process. I staggered into his office and saw the tall blonde.

She was standing with her back to the door. Her honey-colored hair fell rhythmically to her shoulders and curled under, the way I like it—and she turned round, slowly.

"Y . . . you!" I breathed.

"Yes, Mr. Jones," Julie said. She gazed steadily into my astonished eyes. There was triumph in her face, and a certain defiance, too. I knew why.

I've put it over you, Johnny, her blue eyes were saying. You said that your boss wouldn't look at brunettes, so I'm a blonde now. I've put it over you, and I've put it over your boss. Give me away, if you dare.

I grinned. It's all right, Chick. I thought, I won't give you away. The boss is sold on you, anyway. You've got what you wanted, and everything's jake with me, too. Everything is perfect.

"I want lots of pictures, Johnny," J.B. boomed. "Do her sitting, standing, diving. Work week-ends, if you want to."

"Sorry, J.B.," I said happily. "Not Sundays. From now on I go surfing on Sundays. You meet some nice people, surfing."

(Copyright)

ALFRED

"Alfred wants to try the sea-sickness remedy he bought, but he can't seem to get seasick."

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IT'S WINTER IN PARIS . . .

and great designers present new silhouettes

● Styles showing now in Paris dress salons are a forecast of what we will wear here next winter. Our fashion artist, Rene, sketches trends in current collections, including suits with soft, round, or unpadded shoulders; the tiniest waists; jackets cut off at the waist, or with bell-like flares over the hips; skirts either straight and narrow as a stick or flaring in a huge umbrella-shape 10in. to 13in. from the floor; coats full-flaring at the back or in princess style.

● Characteristically Dior in line is the suit at top left, with its tiny tight waist, padded hips, and very straight narrow skirt.

● Flaring out in tremendous folds at the back, Lelong's blue plaid stormcoat, above, has a huge cuff collar drawn up to the nose and tied casually with a long pink silk scarf.

● Hip-length jacket, by Jacques Fath, top right, flares from the shoulders into a triangular shape. Revers, cuffs are black velvet. Worn with tight skirt.

● Fur trimmings are used lavishly, and Jacques Fath edges his vivid green waist-length jacket, above left, with black astrakhan. It is worn with an unusual plaid skirt.

● One of the season's most popular silhouettes is shown by Madeleine de Rauch, above right, in a suit with tight-fitting, closely buttoned jacket and bell-hipped peplum. Fur trims both the coat and the softly swinging skirt.

● Romantic charm of our grandmother's fur tippet is revived by Robert Piquet, illustrated at right by Rene in dark brown, with matching hat and muff. The fine, soft-woollen, fitted dress is a wonderful burnt-orange color.

● Christian Dior's famous princess coat, above, has no shoulder-padding, waist small as can be, skirt flowing into billowing fullness. He uses this year's most dramatic color note, vivid green and black. High collar is of corded taffeta.

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CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

Misery Ends—Immunity Promoted

★★★★★

If you suffer from Catarrh or Bronchitis, take Lantigen 'B,' the dissolved oral vaccine. The stuffy, unpleasant symptoms are quickly relieved and your breathing freed. You feel much better in every way because Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the Catarrh germ poisons and builds up bodily resistance so that immunity, which often lasts for years, is established against them.

Thousands of men, women and children have already proved the effectiveness of the simple Lantigen treatment, and here are personal statements from some of them.

Read this remarkable letter from Mrs. J. Pollett, of 10 Goodhope St., Five Ways, Paddington, Sydney. *It brings new hope to thousands of sufferers from Bronchial and Catarrhal complaints.*

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself. I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little; yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. **"In three weeks I was up and about again and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.**

No injections — no drugs.

I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis and I never have a headache. **"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B.' If I had had the same treatment from anyone else it would have cost me £100."**

Hope for all sufferers in this remarkable case history of **John A. 'Erpel, 10 Matthew Street, Lane Cove, returned soldier and Sydney plumber.**

"The whole world should know of the wonderful healing power of Lantigen 'B'," says Mr. John A. 'Erpel, in describing his recovery from attacks of Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma and Colds. (These attacks from childhood had made his life a misery and winter-time a dread.)

Taken by mouth—acts immediately.

"After years of suffering," he says, "from Bronchitis, Catarrh, Sinal Headaches and Earaches (during which time I had three sinus operations to no avail), I turned to Lantigen 'B' at the start of this year.

"I have not had the slightest attack this winter of any of my old troubles and I am convinced I can control these for all time.

"It is difficult to put in words how much this means to me. Once I approached every winter with dread, knowing that night after night I'd sit packed up with pillows and racked with coughing.

Lantigen 'B' eases breathing.

"During the day, at any time, I might be attacked by Bronchial Asthma. I'd cough and wheeze like an old truck going up a hill. I suffered intensely from Earache and painful Sinus Headaches. It was a time of misery for me and for everyone in our house.

"This year I have worked all winter and kept at the peak of good health. I have not even had a cold. I don't cough any more. My head is clear as a bell. "Lantigen has been responsible for the benefits which have come to me."

Not only men and women, but children, too, can take Lantigen 'B' confidently. The case stated below shows it may be safely given to even the youngest children. **Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Q'land.**

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. **Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing.** This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—**no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."**

improves general health.

Medical Opinion on Oral Immunisation

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal, of February 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

Louis Pasteur —Father of Immunisation.

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, say: ". . . The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

Taken by Mouth—Acts Immediately

Ask your chemist today for

Lantigen 'B'

THE ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN IMMUNISATION TREATMENT

FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

Treats First—Then Immunises

NO NEED FOR YOU TO SUFFER

Yes, you can get wonderful relief from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus or Antrum infections — relief from the misery these conditions cause you—just by taking a few drops of Lantigen 'B' in water at bedtime.

DOUBLE BENEFIT

First—TREATMENT:
Lantigen 'B' brings prompt relief—relieves coughing—frees stuffy noses, eases tight Bronchial Congestion and Catarrhal Headaches—lets you breathe freely once again—lets you sleep peacefully—builds up your health.

Second—IMMUNITY:
Because it is a vaccine it builds up resistance to the germs which cause your trouble, neutralises their poisons and immunises against their return, sometimes for years.

★ *Scientifically Prepared* ★

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by highly skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. You need no injections because Lantigen 'B' is easy to take—by mouth—in water—on retiring. It contains NO DRUGS and is perfectly safe for young or old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or other organs and does not interfere with other treatments. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. This is little indeed to pay for the genuine long-lasting benefit Lantigen 'B' can, so readily, bring to you—just as it has done to so many thousands of others who suffered from Catarrhal and Bronchial infections.

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Interesting People

MISS LILIAN McMAHON
. . . trains good citizens

NEW headmistress of Sydney Girls' High School, Miss Lilian McMahon, is an ex-pupil of the school, and an M.A. (Classics) Sydney University. Has easy, charming manner, bright blue eyes, white hair, high complexion. Thinks training of girls for good, honest citizenship as important as academic tuition. Also thinks girls should not "grow up before their time because there are many years ahead of them." For six years was principal of St. George Girls' High School, Sydney.

SUMNER LOCKE-ELLIOTT
. . . clever young playwright

LATEST work of young Sydney playwright, Sumner Locke-Elliott, was clever parody on "Eureka Stockade" film in the revue at the Minerva Theatre, Sydney. A son of the late Sumner Locke, novelist, he wrote his first play when 12, and has had five produced by the Independent Theatre, Sydney. He hopes to visit America soon, to study theatre and write a straight play.

MISS DOROTHY MAYNARD
. . . one-armed pianist

LOSS of her right arm on duty at ambulance depot in blitz, and temporary paralysis of left arm, did not prevent Londoner Dorothy Maynard from continuing her musical career. At age of 36 she won 12 months' scholarship at Blackheath (Kent) Conservatoire of Music, and bronze medal for best piano performance of year at Conservatoire playing an etude for the left hand. Undaunted, she wants to take her L.R.A.M. degree, adapting test pieces for left hand.

A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 10

INSPECTOR GORMLEY knocked discreetly on No. 16, and Rosa Alvinado opened the door. She had taken off her hat, which now hung on the corner of her mirror, and she'd thrown her fox fur on a trunk lying beside the dressing-table.

"Oh, the nice policeman!" she exclaimed. "Come in."

Closing the door, she picked up the only chair in the room, blowing powder off the seat and setting it for him with elaborate courtesy. Then, waving his protest aside, she seated herself on the trunk alongside, swinging her feet off the floor, locking her fingers about her knees.

"Now," she said, "you sit there and give me the third degree, eh?"

Gormley's fingers strayed idly over the dressing-table and picked up a lip-stick, toying with it as he spoke.

"You understand, Miss Alvinado, it is very necessary to be absolutely sure where certain persons were at a certain time last night."

She nodded her head as if she sympathised with him. "Si, si. Pedro he was in his own room."

Gormley sighed. "So he has told us."

He looked away from her, turning the lip-stick about in his fingers as if he were embarrassed at having to be personal, but, in reality, he was noting that the holder had tiny letters on the side. He couldn't quite make out the maker's name, but he was sure of the word "Vienna."

"I have to ask you again where you were," he said.

"Me?" She opened her eyes wide. "But I told you. I was here in this room."

Gormley nodded. "Perhaps I had forgotten."

She explained. "In the interval I see that the stage-hands have set our gear behind Flaxman's set and then I come up and rest till we hear the gallopy music he has for his finish. Then I go over to Pedro's room and get the knives and tell Pedro it is nearly our cue."

"You were here alone and Pedro was there alone. That it?"

"Why, yes. Pedro doesn't like me chattering to him just before the act."

Gormley's fingers tossed the lip-stick on the table. He said, as if he had made up his mind to get it over, "He is a very jealous man, isn't he?"

She smiled. "Yes, he's jealous," she said. "If you were not a policeman he would be jealous of you, too. He would tell me I had better be careful or he would stick you with one of his knives."

"Does he often tell you to be careful?"

She said: "Many times. Sometimes, he says, 'You look out, or one night I won't miss you any more.'"

"Won't miss you? You mean he'll get tired of you?"

She laughed. "You are a funny man. No, no. He won't get tired of me." She seemed quite certain. "He means he won't miss me in the act—when he throws the knives."

"He frightens you?"

"Frighten? Pouf! I am not afraid. Pedro would never do it. He is artiste."

"Artiste?"

"He would never spoil the act. Never. If he wants to kill me he will do it some other place."

"In your act," Gormley asked, "it is only Pedro who throws the knives?"

She said: "Yes, but I can t'row them too. Not much." She gave a little musical chuckle. "Enough to hit Pedro at a distance." She shrugged. "He knows it; so he does not look at any other woman."

Well, Gormley thought, they all had their points of view. You couldn't set any standards for these vaudeville people. His private opinion was that they were all crazy.

He said: "You are quite sure you never saw that man before—the one who was killed? Think hard."

She closed her eyes, then, opening them suddenly swung her legs off the trunk and leaned forward, placing a hand familiarly on his arm. She said: "Must I say what I am sure about or what I think might have been?"

"You please yourself," Gormley said, non-committally.

She said very quietly: "I am not sure. Yesterday I thought I saw him in the street with Herman." She gave him a knowing look, adding, "I mean, Mr. Flaxman."

"Where?"

She closed her eyes again, concentrating. "I cannot remember."

"You are sure it was Flaxman—not Courtenay, for instance?"

She removed her hand from his arm and drew back. "No," she said, suspiciously. "It was not Courtenay. Why should it be Courtenay?"

"Why shouldn't it?"

She had recovered her poise. "I will tell you, you funny policeman. Because Mr. Courtenay would not need to know such a man. Mr. Flaxman would."

"Why?"

She sighed, as if he were hopelessly dense. "Look at all his people," she said. "They are all men like that—all dopes or broke."

"I see. I wish you would think some more about what you have told me. Try and think where you spent your time yesterday. It may come to you and then you can let me know." He rose to his feet.

"Why, surelee." She jumped up quickly and passed her right arm through his, leaning on him a little as he moved to the door. "You will come again?" she asked.

He avoided her glance. "It is very likely," he said.

She said softly: "Good. Then it is au revoir."

With his hand on the door-knob, he asked: "Just lately, has Alvinado been jealous of anyone in particular?"

Her eyes twinkled. "He is jealous all the time."

Gormley amended his question. He'd succeeded in freeing his arm and had the door open. He asked: "But at the moment? Is he jealous of anyone especially?"

She put out her hand, and with thumb and finger gave his chin a little squeeze. "Only you, policeman."

Gormley gave it up and went downstairs. He passed Parotti coming up, a white cockatoo perched on his shoulder.

The bird cocked an eye at the detective. "Come on," it said "givesakiss." Parotti's grin was sardonic.

Gormley went and sought out Pedro Alvinado. "What made you give Struthers that knife?" he asked him.

The Mexican shrugged. "He helped me. I liked him—at the moment. Also he said he could throw them a little."

Gormley said: "I haven't seen your act. You throw knives across the stage at your wife, don't you? You have to be pretty good for that sort of thing."

The Mexican shrugged deprecating shoulders and Gormley went on: "I am told that she stands against a door at the back of the stage, supposed to be tied up, and you throw knives."

Alvinado lit himself a cigarette. He said: "That's the finale. We act a drama. I dress as a Chinaman and I am supposed to torture her."

Gormley said: "One knife goes near her left ear, and she moves her face round and then one goes near her right ear. Isn't that terribly risky?"

The Mexican smiled. "Not the way we do it."

"You're very confident."

"I'm very good."

"So good," Gormley said, "that you could, from any angle, throw a knife and hit a person some distance away."

Alvinado's eyebrows rose. "Any angle?"

"From above, for instance. The flies you call them, I think."

Alvinado flicked the ash from his cigarette and glanced upward. He said: "It would be difficult. You wouldn't have much balance. You'd need a very steady nerve to stand and throw from there."

"You have a very steady nerve."

"Very."

"A man who could throw knives to stick in a door an inch from his wife's ear would have enough nerve to stand up there and throw at a man on the stage."

Alvinado said: "I see what you mean, but it is not necessarily so."

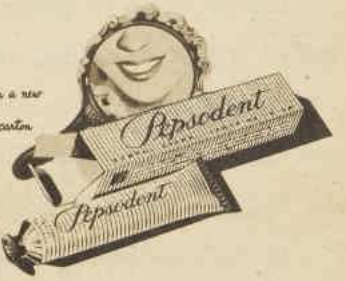
Please turn to page 22

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth! Smoother, richer-foaming

New Pepsodent, with Irium,

removes the film that makes your teeth look dull!

Full-sized tube in a new tailored-to-fit carton



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INDIGESTION GONE

. . . . YOU could eat this

You must eat, and there's no reason why every meal should not be a pleasure. But if you *pay for it* afterwards with flatulence, heartburn, pain or discomfort . . . . if the food you like best hurts most, and if the things you do eat still make you suffer . . . . no wonder you dread the very thought of eating!

When indigestion troubles you like that life is a burden. But you can get relief—not by starving yourself, but by taking De Witt's Antacid Powder. This wonderfully effective remedy neutralises excess stomach acidity so quickly that even the first dose gives relief. But De Witt's Antacid Powder does MORE. It soothes and protects the inflamed lining of your stomach, so that your next meal will not further distress an already over-burdened digestion. Your stomach—soothed, sweetened and protected by De Witt's Antacid Powder—will be far better able to cope with what you eat. You will have proof of it—the one kind of proof you want—relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion.

So if the food you fancy is the food you are afraid of . . . . if from time to time, you are troubled by temporary digestive upsets, try De Witt's Antacid Powder. It has relieved others. It will surely relieve you. Get the large canister from your chemist to-day!

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis, and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6. Giant economical size 4/6

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The look for 1948

is lady-like . . "the effect," says Vogue of the new fashions, "is come-hither, not here-I-come." Skirts are complete circles, or made full and feminine with pleats or gathers. Jackets are small shouldered and made to be worn by young-line figures. Coats sweep wide at the hemline. And nearly always the fabric for these clothes is **wool.** More explicitly, it is men's suiting, worsted, gabardine, broadcloth, plaid or handwoven tweed. Wool was chosen because it gives the desired shape and swing to skirts. It takes hip-padding and moulds easily and smoothly into close-fitting bodices. In fact, ever since Christian Dior first introduced this "belled" or "Infanta" silhouette, he and his colleagues have shown more and more wool clothes for all occasions.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR **WOOL**

Issued by The Australian Wool Board

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The Duke of Windsor's Memoirs

PART 5 — Conclusion

I take on the duties of Heir-Apparent

By H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor

★ *In the last instalment of the Duke of Windsor's memoirs, concluded in this issue, he tells of his life on his return from the first world war to help his father in "the business of kingship."*

WITH the end of the war I did not leave the Army at once, but remained fairly steadily with the troops in France and Belgium and the occupation forces in Germany until the spring of 1919.

And when we of the Army did return home after four years of war it was with indescribable relief.

Britain is unfailingly beautiful in the spring, and we thanked God that we had been spared to see it again.

The pomp and show of imperial habits remained. Opulence still surrounded the great families.

Confidence and affluence exuded from the financial and commercial houses of the City of London, and, perhaps because of this outward solidness, we Britons were slow in discovering how much the war had really cost us.

It had been a heavy drain upon our capital, the money kind. More seriously still, it had wiped out much of the bravest and most spirited of our youth. That is another form of capital, the most important.

Well, history can make only so many calls on the bank, and in both the great world wars the British nation has met the claims of Western civilisation in full.

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, after a christening ceremony, when I was godfather to a friend's baby.

I do not know that historians or economists would agree with me, but I feel in my bones that the running-down process which has led to the present British crisis began in 1914.

I was nearly 25 when I returned to London, and the time had come for me to set up my own establishment.

Giving up my room on the third floor of Buckingham Palace, I moved into York House, one of the picturesque group of old buildings at the foot of St. James Street, known as St. James' Palace.

This meant leaving our little family circle, although it had pretty much disintegrated by then.

Only my sister Mary, who had worked through the war in hospitals as a nurses' aid, remained at home. Bertie had tranferred to the Royal Air Force after the Battle of Jutland and long spells on the sick list in the Navy.

Harry, a "gentleman cadet" at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, had by then taken the first step in his Army career.

George was in his first year at Dartmouth, standing much higher in the order of his term than either Bertie or myself ever had. And my youngest brother, John, had died a few months before.

Our old tutor, Henry Peter Hansell, his long and painstaking task completed, had retired, although I saw him occasionally thereafter.

Finch followed me to York House, as major-domo, a step which he was afterwards heard to describe as the beginning of his education.

My return from the war meant helping my father in the business of kingship. He had a perfectly clear idea of what he expected of me.

It was that I should step without delay into the customary duties devolving on the Heir-Apparent—the laying of cornerstones, the ceremonial tree-planting, the opening of new highways; appearing before civic groups and assuming the honorary chairmanships of worthy charities and other institutions.

In short, I was required to show myself to the British people in order to make my character known and at the same time to fill the Prince of Wales' traditional role of the leader of society.

The Prince of Wales has more liberty than the King; he can move around more, travel, mix freely with all kinds of people, and in general act as agent for the monarch.

At my father's suggestion I began to visit the great industrial cities of Britain—the factories and slums of Glasgow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Plymouth, Newcastle, the East End of London.

How different was this other world from Windsor, the Norfolk fens, the stately Palace rooms, the Cairngorm Mountains, and the Bath Club.

For me to say that these first hard looks at Britain's strength and shame fired my social conscience immediately would be pretentious. That came later with fact-finding and further enlightenment.

The precepts of my upbringing had been too firmly fixed for me to feel that poverty and bad housing conditions called for any spectacular or creative action by either my august father or myself.

We could by all means evince sympathetic concern over such distressful conditions.

But these were matters bound up in partisan politics, and it had been drilled into me almost from my first days in the little schoolrooms of Marlborough House and Sandringham that, while I was free to think as I pleased, if my ideas touched politics they must be kept to myself.

Yet I had been too long removed from Palace restraints and was already too much a part of my iconoclastic generation to fit readily into a cautious and submissive role.

As I moved around Britain it dawned on me that the country was discontented, restless, and disillusioned. There was rising unemployment.

The Servicemen not yet discharged were angry over the clumsy demobilisation programme; those who had been demobilised were disgruntled over the lack of jobs and homes; the disabled were bitter over inadequate disability pensions.

There were strikes and demonstrations, nothing big or dramatic, but disturbing in their frequency and prevalence.

And the trouble had infected the armed forces, leading to small, local, Socialist-inspired mutinies at certain supply ports.

My father first came face to face with the new discontent one day in London.

The War Office, hoping to calm the growing dissatisfaction of the discharged disabled soldiers, asked my father to attend a parade of some 15,000 of these men in Hyde Park. Mounted and in uniform he rode out from the Palace with Bertie and me to review them.

The men, all in plain clothes, were drawn up in divisional formation. At first glance everything appeared in order, the troops at attention, the bands playing, and so on.

Many men wore on their lapels the "Silver Badge," signifying their honorable discharge for wounds or other disabilities.

But there was something in the air, a sullen unresponsiveness which all three of us felt instinctively. My father, steady as a rock, rode down the front line.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the rear, and, as if by prearranged signal, banners with slogans that had been concealed were defiantly unfurled.

With cries of "Where is this land fit for heroes?"—a hurling back of Lloyd George's famous election slogan—the men broke ranks and made straight for the King, who was quickly surrounded and cut off from me and my brother by a solid mass.

For a moment I feared my father would be borne to the ground. Then I saw, with relief, that those who were closest were only trying to shake his hand.

These men meant no harm; they had merely taken advantage of an opportunity which the War Office had all unconsciously given them of laying their grievances before the King in person.

The only danger was that his horse might become scared; and indeed had it started to thrash around in that dense crowd someone almost certainly would have been hurt. And in such a charged atmosphere anything might then have happened.

Fortunately the police were able to extricate us, but the mob was still milling around in the Park as we rode back to the Palace.

After my father dismounted he looked at me, remarking: "Those men were in a funny temper."

And shaking his head, as if to rid himself of an unpleasant memory, he strode indoors.

For a while the exact meaning of all this turmoil puzzled them at the Palace; isolated as they were to some extent from the harsh impact of events by the protecting cushion of Cabinet Ministers and courtiers, much of what was going on in Britain seemed remote and unreal.

This and other episodes could be conveniently explained away as the unfortunate but probably inevitable result of the post-war let-down which the innate good sense of the British people would presently have under control.

But I had seen enough to convince myself that the trouble went far deeper; that the social unrest was related to the slaughter and the misery that the first "people's" war had inflicted upon the whole population.

Then the Russian revolution of 1917 with the murder of the Czar Nicholas and his family had shaken my father's confidence in the innate decency of mankind.

There was a very real bond between him and his first cousin Nicky; they corresponded with each other regularly; both wore beards of a distinctive character, and as young men they had looked much alike.

Continued on page 20

MY TRIP TO CANADA and America in 1919 was the first of my travels round the world. This is an often published picture of me that the Duchess likes best.

My first sight of slums

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First nine girls to fly Sydney-London run

CALL-BELL and gong system of Constellations is demonstrated to hostesses by course instructor during special three weeks' school, familiarising them with new job. One hostess will work with two stewards on each hop of the Sydney-London run.

EXTERIOR STRUCTURE of Constellation is studied by hostesses, who must have elementary technical knowledge. Later, in classroom, diagrams on blackboard explain trim and distribution of load.

Constellation hostesses do intensive training for job

From more than 1000 applicants nine Australian girls have been chosen by Qantas-Empire Airways as their first international flight hostesses. They will work in Constellations, newest, fastest, and most glamorous commercial aircraft on the Sydney-London run.

Though experienced flight hostesses, none of them has flown on routes over foreign countries before.

THEY have had three weeks' intensive training to fit them for the job.

At the conclusion of the course the senior hostess, Marjorie de Tracy, left on a survey trip of the route to be flown, studying all details that would affect the on-and-off-duty lives of the hostesses.

Subjects covered by the three weeks' course were foreign currency that would be encountered, passport and quarantine requirements, the construction and working of the aircraft, and the route to be flown.

"That sounds a lot," traffic instructor Mr. A. S. M. Furniss, who was in charge of the school, said. "But, like London policemen, the hostesses must have more knowledge than they will need in practice.

"The official view is that flight hostesses must know enough to give passengers a feeling of confidence."

Notes on the intricacies of heating pressurisation (an unchanging cabin pressure is maintained at all heights and in all climates), call bells and gongs (each passenger has one), hot and drinking water systems, hygiene, preparation of frozen pre-cooked food, and an elementary technical knowledge of the Constellation filled a stenographer's notebook before the course was half over.

"It's a tough course," the instructor admitted. "But these are experienced flight hostesses and they could take it. These nine girls knew they had to get through the exam. They did it!"

FOREIGN CURRENCY of countries on route is worked out by hostess Joy Daniell. All hostesses must be able to help passengers unravel money tangles.

The hostesses are: Marjorie de Tracy, Patricia Burke, Joyce Bruce, Irma Wharton, Joy Daniell, Margaret Lamb, Adrienne Gundlinger, Rosetta Allison, and Margaret Calf.

Some girls have sacrificed years of training to take on a job that they feel is more stimulating, more satisfying, and offering greater opportunity for travel and meeting a variety of people than any other.

Hostesses will not go direct to London, but will stay over at each stop, another girl taking over for the next hop. In this way each will work her way back to Sydney for off-duty periods.

Most of the girls had met before they did their course together.

Rosetta Allison and Margaret Lamb have flown together. Joy Daniell and Adrienne Gundlinger previously trained and shared a flat when they had headquarters in Melbourne, taking over the flat from Pat Burke.

Marjorie de Tracy, of Toorak, Melbourne, has had three years' flying experience and approximately 3000 flying hours. For the past two years she has been flight instructress and senior hostess for the company in Sydney.

Before becoming an air hostess she had been a secretary and had also specialised in library work, winning a Carnegie Corporation scholarship to the Melbourne Public Library.

"For the girl who hopes eventually to go overseas the job of flight hostess offers unique opportunities for getting to know Australians and Australia first," she said.

The smallest of the hostesses, pearly complexioned, blue-grey-eyed Margaret Calf, of Sydney, says frankly that she doesn't like routine, is interested in coming into contact with new people.

"That was my reason for becoming an airline hostess in the first place," she said. "It's also why I'm specially happy about international flying."

Previously she had learnt interior decorating, and had worked for 18 months in the Sydney office of the A.B.C.'s children's session.

"We know we were lucky to get the jobs," Queenslander Pat Burke said. "It's a wonderful opportunity."

Twenty-five-year-old Pat is a trained nurse with double certificate.

Rosetta Allison, ex-A.A.M.W.S., agreed. "None of us has been to any foreign country before," she said.

Joyce Bruce, of Sydney, former physiotherapist, is another hostess who gave up a job for which she was fully trained, in order to become an air hostess.

Before Adrienne Gundlinger became a hostess on the interstate run, she was already in the aviation world—on the ground, as secretary at the Sydney office of a Hongkong airline.

Golden - haired ex-schoolteacher Margaret Lamb formerly taught English, history, and geography for three years to girls in the 12-14 age group.

Irma Wharton is another trained nurse turned hostess. She nursed for six years, part of the time in the Red Cross convalescent home, Wahroonga, Sydney.

Constellation hostesses will have a distinguishing uniform of their own. For hot climates, a tailored white shantung dress; for cold climates, a dark suit and greatcoat. They will wear a navy cap with both.

"We will be away for from four to five weeks at a time, and can take with us only 30lb. of clothing, including uniforms," Marjorie de Tracy said.

Singapore is generally regarded by the hostesses as the glamor spot, with Cairo coming second. The girls have had their scouts out ever since their appointment was confirmed, gathering information about where you dance, dine, and what you wear.

"Until we arrange clothes dumps with friends along the route, we will have to concentrate on taking an all-purpose off-duty frock that can be dressed either up or down with accessories," one of them explained.

"Personally, I think a swimsuit is going to be worth its weight," Marjorie de Tracy said.

To be considered for the job, all had to have first-aid qualifications. Other specifications are: Age between 23 and 30 years. Height to about 5ft. 7in., weight to about 9st. 7lb. Education to Intermediate Certificate standard. Experience in handling people. Ability to type. Knowledge of foreign languages an advantage.

Duties: General attention to passengers' requirements, traffic clerical work on board the aircraft, and assisting in serving meals to passengers.

IN CLASSROOM, senior hostess, Marjorie de Tracy, points out route to Margaret Lamb (top), Joyce Bruce, and Margaret Calf (back to camera). Exam. at end of course was tough one.

FROZEN PRE-COOKED FOOD will be served during Sydney-London flight. So they can answer questions, class learns all about it. Photo shows Adrienne Gundlinger, Irma Wharton, Patricia Burke.

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Editorial

FEBRUARY 14, 1948

A NEW RAY OF HOPE

THE world's atomic dilemma was lightened when Russia, after months of obduracy, agreed to take part in discussions on the composition of the international atomic energy authority.

The feeling aroused in official UNO circles was described as "qualified optimism."

In truth, it was the first ray of hope to pierce the fatalistic gloom that has surrounded the question of atomic control for a year.

Since the war ended there has grown in the minds of far too many people a resigned acceptance that World War III was both inevitable and imminent and that its atomic weapons would wipe out civilisation.

Such fatalism is surely astonishing in a generation that suffered six years of war so recently.

Possibly the common man has come to feel that for all his elections and parliament his wishes have no influence.

He did not want the first world war or the second but he got them. He doesn't want an atomic war but he has watched with despair the failure to devise atomic control.

The new ray of hope will revive faith in his power to influence world events.

If he wants peace, let him demand it with a million voices and in every tongue.

WORTH Reporting

FAN mail of the four-masted barque Pamir, now lying in London docks, has reached film-star proportions — 100 letters a day.

The Pamir, which visited Australia last year, reached London before Christmas after a fast passage from New Zealand.

Letters come from people who want a passage, to join the crew, or merely to visit the ship. Old shellbacks recall their days in sail or write to congratulate Captain H. S. Collier on keeping alive the traditions of the sea.

One came from a man who said he had an invention which would obviate the necessity for a crew. It was a push-button system which operated an engine to set or take in sail.

There are also many requests from business firms who want their products to be used by the ship as an advertisement. One firm offered to paint her hull free of charge.

Thousands of people have visited the East End to inspect the ship. Many have expressed their disappointment that all her sails have not been set!

The first officer, Andrew Keyworth, reports that the visitors show no inclination to climb the rigging.

"Not like Australians," he said. "In Sydney we had to have sailors on duty at the foot of each mast to prevent adventurous souls from going aloft."

Favorite haunt of the crew is the famous waterside pub, "Prospect of Whitby," at Wapping.

Only Australian member of the crew, Oswald ("Aussie") Ayling, of Maroubra, N.S.W., is busy every night leading the boys in singing old sea chanties for the locals.

Wheat ships

ANOTHER sailing-ship item: For the first time since the war, the four-masted barques Viking and Passat will take Australian wheat to the United Kingdom.

Port Victoria, in South Australia, is their loading port, and they call at Falmouth, Plymouth, or Queenstown for orders for unloading.

Also loading wheat at Port Victoria is the Lawhill, bound for South Africa.

Although Viking leaves early in February and Passat not until March, something of the drama of the old wheat races remains. The two ships of Finnish ownership, will watch each other's times with interest.

Viking and Passat have advertised for passengers. Each can accommodate about 20, and passengers can count on an exciting, if at times uncomfortable, trip. The passage takes about 100 days. The Lawhill, however, is not taking passengers.

On the recent voyage to Australia Viking called in at South-West Africa with 26 Baltic missionaries returning to duty, most of them women. Her cargo for Australia was timber.

Each barque will take about 4000 tons of wheat.

Censorious

AN Australian girl visiting Amsterdam, Holland, writes to tell us that she saw, in a bookshop window, Edmund Wilson's "Memoirs of Hecate County," banned in Australia.

She went in and asked the venerable spectacled shopkeeper for a copy.

He looked at her sternly for a moment over the top of his glasses and said, "That is not readings for young ladies!"

Animal Antics

"Meet my alarm clock and breakfast producer!"

WHEN LST3501 returned from Heard Island in the Antarctic to Melbourne recently, she carried two edible polar ducks. They were presented by one of the members of the expedition to two Melbourne naval officers.

Occupational therapy

MISS MARJORIE FISH, newly appointed director of the Occupational Therapy Training Centre in Sydney, forecasts a rapid expansion in occupational therapy in Australia.

Miss Fish, an American, says that the demand for occupational therapists has been so great in the States since the beginning of the war that training centres have increased from five to 25 in a few years.

"A lot of people still have the mistaken notion that making felt elephants, or any other aspect of arts and crafts, is all there is to occupational therapy," she said.

"This is only one phase of occupational therapy, whose aim is the restoration to normal of handicapped persons, working under medical prescription, and embracing games, handicraft work, educational therapy, and industrial therapy.

"Industrial therapy, which aims to refit a patient for work, is considered the most important phase of the occupational therapist's work in England and America to-day," Miss Fish said.

She quoted figures from America which showed that 65 per cent. of men and 55 per cent. of women ex-T.B. patients are unable to return to their previous occupations. Although tuberculosis has been arrested they are debarred from active work and must find new jobs.

"The same thing is found in orthopaedic hospitals, general hospitals, and accident wards," she said.

"The occupational therapist's job is to give them new interests, and to refit them to some extent for a new job while they are in hospital."

Miss Fish, who is a graduate of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, has trained students at various American centres, and in 1941 was called to New York to found the School of Occupational Therapy at Columbia University.

Effective

A FRIEND of ours is feeling happy about the way in which he silence the very loud radio of his immediate neighbor in a large and expensive block of flats.

He read a brief news report that a man in America shot a neighbor dead because he played the radio too loudly.

Our friend cut the report out of his newspaper, pasted it neatly on a sheet of paper, and slid it under his neighbor's door.

The neighbor's radio hasn't been heard since.

Darwin memorial

NEXT week (February 19) is the sixth anniversary of the bombing of Darwin. Many of the servicemen and servicewomen who served in the Northern Territory will remember Army Chaplain Father Frank Flynn, who was there in the dual capacity of Army chaplain and consulting eye specialist in the Army.

Before joining the priesthood Father Flynn was a leading ophthalmic surgeon in Sydney, and had also been resident medical officer at Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

Father Flynn is now parish priest in Darwin, and proposes erecting a War Memorial Church and Shrine of Thanksgiving to commemorate the bravery of members of the Australian and Allied forces and civilians who died in the Darwin raids.

The building has been specially designed for the tropics by Sydney architects, Messrs. G. H. B. McDonell and Sydney G. Hirst.

The main material will be reddish-brown concrete bricks. Plenty of natural lighting and ventilation will be provided by movable glass louvers from floor to ceiling.

The church will replace the present wooden, battle-scarred church of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, built 60 years ago.

Cricketing buttons

IF he can be sure that an occasional sixpence will come his way your small son probably will do much for you and the neighbors during the next few months.

He'll be flat out earning the 17 sixpences necessary to buy a complete set of lapel buttons decorated with photographs of members of the Australian Test team to tour England this year.

Button-collecting is a childhood pleasure hitherto denied the children of to-day because of the war, but the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W. is starting it again with the cricketing buttons.

Kindergarten Unions in all States probably will join in the scheme, and the buttons will be sold for sixpence each after the Test team is announced this month.

* * *

A LIVE-WIRE young American business-man in Melbourne has installed an egg-timer on his desk to limit telephone conversations to three minutes. When the sands of the egg-timer run out he says good-bye, and hangs up.

Seeing stars

WE never thought the day would come when we'd see five Carmen Mirandas, two Gregory Pecks, and a handful of Veronica Lakes and Jane Russells rubbing shoulders in the same room, but we did.

It happened at one of the meetings of the Stand-In-For-Film-Stars Club, now over 1000 strong, which gathers regularly at Bondi, N.S.W., for a get-together under the leadership of its president, Miss Jeanne Montez. (Members all claim to resemble film stars.)

Miss Montez, who knows every member in the club, is quite versatile. While most of the other members resemble only one Hollywood star, Miss Montez can be Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Bennett, or British actress Margaret Lockwood as the mood takes her.

Miss Montez can produce from among her members facsimiles of some of the rarest and most valuable Hollywood stars in any collector's album.

"I can give you a Danny Kaye, a Frances Langford, and a very good Gene Tierney if you want to take a photograph," Miss Montez offered us. We were also invited to take our pick from the Carmen Mirandas, Veronica Lakes, and Gregory Pecks.

Miss Montez was being Miss Montez at the time, and we were being rather difficult.

"How about a Jimmy Schnozzle Durante?" we suggested cunningly, but we didn't get the photograph. No one in the club has yet developed a nose big enough to qualify for that particular star.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

A CURIOUS statement was made recently by Professor T. Hytten, economic adviser to the Bank of New South Wales, at the summer school of the Australian Institute of Political Science.

During a discussion he was reported as saying that it was a tragic commentary on the present phase of full employment that labor, which has lost much of its efficiency because of the war, was now seeking the most attractive jobs rather than the most socially useful.

But when did most of us do anything else? The fact that some people happen to find socially useful jobs also attractive is convenient, but accidental.

In bad times, when jobs are scarce, people take any old meal-ticket they can get, and a very miserable state of affairs that is.

But only the smallest minority of workers at any time ever choose jobs simply because they are socially useful.

The ideal solution, of course, is to make socially useful jobs really attractive.

* * *

FROM the same conference came another interesting report.

It quoted Dr. R. S. Madgwick, warden of the Armidale University College, as saying that most Australians were under-educated, intolerant, selfish, and indifferent to political affairs.

All common human faults, but not, I think, peculiar to Australians.

He said also that "Too many Australians believe they can solve all their problems by blaming someone else."

Maybe. But I quarrel again with confining this characteristic to Australians.

I bet the Eskimos don't blame themselves if the blubber supply is poor. More likely the weather, the selfish pirates in the next igloo, and the unco-operative seals.

* * *

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is reported to be considering auctioning her surplus wedding presents and giving the proceeds to her special charities.

This is a notion that would appeal to many brides, provided charity could begin at home.

* * *

WHEN Sir Ernest Fisk returned to Australia recently he said the time wasn't far off when a woman would be able to sit in her city office and, by means of electronic cooking, cook the dinner at home.

You may like this idea. Some of us might prefer to sit at home and get the electronics to do our work in the office.

* * *

ONE of the silliest things I've read in a while is the news from the London fashion shows that designer Peter Russell's mannequins wear corsets so tight that it takes them four weeks to get used to them. Even so, the girls suffer from bruised hips and waists.

My adjective was "silliest," but only the decorum required of print prevents me from adding some stronger ones about the fashion.

* * *

THERE was a realistic but rather chilling note on an A.B.C. news broadcast the other night. The announcer, having disposed of some of the items, went on to say, "The Wars"—and gave the news from China, Palestine, Greece, and India.

* * *

How doth the little franc incense
The rest of us with pounds and pence.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

On Sale Every Month — Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-. — Complete Stories by World's Foremost Thriller Writers.

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Film Reviews

★★ MOTHER WORE TIGHTS

WHILE box office results show the public demand for the technicolor nostalgic period musicals, studios naturally will continue to provide them.

Fox hasn't anything very original to offer in this film, except Dan Dailey, a good song and dance man.

Blonde and shapely Betty Grable is herself as always. She sings and dances with zest, though her acting is hardly top rank.

A simple domestic sort of yarn meanders through the life of a happily married vaudeville pair who have a couple of pleasant children (played by Connie Marshall and Mona Freeman).

Songs are sprinkled through the film, but they all lack a really catchy tune.

Theatre settings are in the well-known technicolor tradition, and for patrons who want a big dose of sentimentality, here is their medicine served in a luxury glass.—Regent; showing.

★★ DISHONORED LADY

REWRITTEN from the stage play by Edward Shelton and Margaret Ayer Barnes, this psychological drama had to be handled delicately to avoid censorship bother. Jack Chertok, who produced it for Hunt Stromberg, has done good work in keeping up a high entertainment value.

Hedy Lamarr, as the editor of a women's magazine, who attempts suicide, has to visit a psychiatrist, and gets involved with a murder, is kept extremely busy. Her acting amid so much tumult has to be good to make sense of it all, and it is.

Denis O'Keefe as a young doctor and John Loder as a former lover of Hedy's are male co-stars, and neither is at his happiest.

The production is on a lavish scale. It is released by United Artists.—Mayfair; showing.

★ CALENDAR GIRL

AUDIENCES who note that the cast of Republic's musical includes singer Kenny Baker and former star Irene Rich will watch for their appearances with more interest than for stars Jane Frazee, William Marshall, Gail Patrick, and Victor McLaglen. They will not be disappointed, as Kenny and Miss Rich give the best performances in the film, which is overloaded with corny dialogue and a lot of forgettable songs.

Set in New York in 1900, the action centres mostly on a boarding-house kept by Irene Rich, where fame and fortune are being sought by young artists and writers.—Capitol; showing.

THOUGH the critics are greeting the rise of pert young actress Joan Greenwood with much jubilation, tipping her to be one of Britain's biggest stars within the year, Joan has other ideas of what constitutes success.

On the set of "Saraband for Dead Lovers," in which she co-stars with Stewart Granger, Joan did a cartwheel and told me proudly, "I have been practising tumbling, and I am becoming quite an expert. My specialty is gymnastic pyramids, with me sitting on top."

* * *

FROM now on Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder's partner of Individual Pictures, has a two-way job. After supervising the shooting of "London Belongs To Me" all day, he will go into the projection-room to see what Frank has been up to in Fiji with their "Blue Lagoon."

"Rushes" are to arrive in regular instalments by air as the scenes are shot. Sidney will then cable out his comments. With London starting to shiver in mid-winter, it is not hard to guess what some of his comments on tropical skies and waving palms will be.

Your Coupons

TEA 1-12 (1-4 expire Feb 22).
BUTTER: 7-9 (expire Feb. 22).
MEAT: Red. 15-21; blue. 17-32.
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. After many adventures they reach Amoz Island, inhabited by a tribe of women warriors who capture Mandrake and the Colonel and bring them to the Queen. They finally strike a bargain with the Amazon Queen, who tells them that the flame pearl she wears was found by sailing due west from the island. But as they are leaving the timid King of Amoz creeps up to warn them of terrible dangers ahead, and mentions the Strangler Straits.

NOW READ ON:

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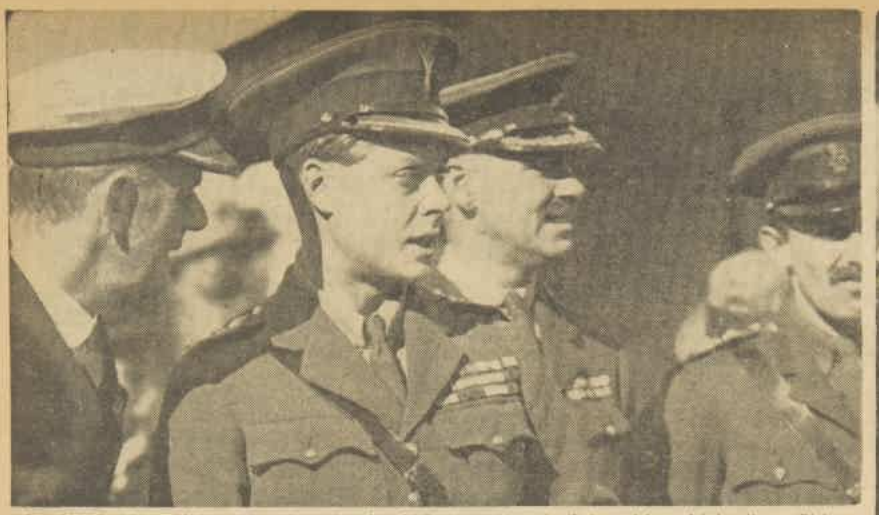

IN AUSTRALIA in 1920 on my post-war travels, which were unique in their variety and intensity. (Picture taken during a visit to Duntroon Military College).

I TRAVELLED about the world, selling or reviving the idea of Empire. (Picture taken at Government House, Sydney. Earl Mountbatten, then Lord Louis, who accompanied the Duke on H.M.S. Renown, is behind him. In front is Sir Walter Davidson, then Governor of N.S.W.)

The Duke of Windsor's Memoirs

WHEN, as Czarevitch, Nicholas came to London in 1893 for my father's wedding, my father was mistaken for him by a well-intentioned diplomat who asked if he had come over especially for the Duke of York's wedding.

My father loved to relate the confusion that came over the embarrassed envoy when he replied: "I am the Duke of York and it is important that I attend my own wedding."

It has long been my impression that just before the Bolsheviks seized the Czar, my father had personally planned to rescue him with a British cruiser, but in some way the plan was blocked in political circles.

In any case, it hurt my father that Britain had not raised a hand to save Uncle Nicky.

"Those damn politicians," he used to say. "If it had been one of their kind, they would have acted fast enough. But merely because the poor man was royal . . ."

Even after the British Government had recognised the U.S.S.R. it was quite a while before he could bring himself to receive the Soviet Ambassador.

My father and I had many talks about the changes that were obviously at work within the political and economic structure not only of Britain but of the whole world; and the more we discussed them the wider grew the divergence of our viewpoints.

To the end we were the best of friends; this gulf therefore was not of the heart but of generations.

The ideas and notions that divided us then would, if I were to repeat them, seem of little consequence now; for I was certainly no cosmic thinker, with a blueprint for remaking Britain.

More than a Prince, I was a product of the war, with ideas of my own, a little on the cynical side maybe, but sure that I knew the answers.

My father, on the other hand, was very much the King, wholly steeped in the Victorian and Edwardian traditions that had been the order under which he had lived the best and most vigorous years of his life.

His many visits to the front, combined with his tireless and sympathetic rounds of the military camps and defence plants at home, had endeared him to the British people and impressed them with the sincerity of his character. At the same time he had come to know them better.

Yet the strange new concepts that

Continued from page 15

were beginning to permeate our island and the seemingly reckless desire for change in everything both puzzled and vexed him, the more so because his eldest son seemed to share many of the peculiar notions.

For one thing, there was the business of wearing a top hat—the silk topper of pre-war formal dress.

A stickler for etiquette, my father deemed it undignified for the Prince of Wales to appear in public in anything so casual as a bowler; in fact, after seeing newspaper photographs of me wearing one at a civic function in the provinces, he had had me on the carpet.

I hated top hats

NOW, I would just as soon have gone around wearing a gold crown as a shiny top hat; and in defending my attitude I maintained that far from showing disrespect to the city fathers, or letting down my "position," my reluctance to wear a silk hat did in fact exhibit a certain sagacity in what we nowadays call public relations.

My point was that since the political cartoonists had, rightly or wrongly, made the top hat a universal symbol of the bloated, predatory capitalist, the male members of the Royal Family would be well advised not to wear one during times of social tension.

Although my father gave up pressing me on this point, his disapproval lingered.

To the end of his life he upheld his own ideas of fashion against the inroads of more practical and informal dress.

He always kept a frock coat handy near his audience-room at Buckingham Palace, which he would hastily slip on whenever an official visitor was announced.

And he had never yielded to the new style in men's trousers, which introduced what in England were called "turn ups" and in America cuffs. His aversion to this innovation was impressed upon me with shattering finality.

Now, I also took pride, in my own way, in what I wore, and greeting my father one morning at breakfast in a brand-new suit, I was rather taken aback when, instead of complimenting me on my taste, he looked at me in a curious way and suddenly asked, with magnificent irrelevance, "Is it raining in here?"

For a second I was speechless, but when my father repeated the question, with his eyes focused in obvious repugnance at my feet, I realised what he meant. Why hike up one's pants in such an absurd manner except to cross puddles?

Thereafter, just as my father kept a frock coat handy against the arrival of unexpected visitors, I always kept a pair of old trousers without cuffs which I would slip on before I went to see him.

All this happened nearly 30 years ago, and I think I can say in all humility that I have come to understand my father better.

To-day to my surprise I discovered myself standing in relation to the new war-fostered generation in much the same position as he at the end of my war stood to me.

He was 53 years old when World War I ended, and was eager to return to the way of life which he had known before.

I am 53 to-day, and, having lived the most active part of my life between the two wars, I now find myself regretting the pushing aside of things which I know and understand.

And just as I once found myself in 1919 as a young man at variance with my more conservative father, so I now find myself unable to agree with many of the political ideas held by my young friends.

It is not that I fear change, for I have never been reactionary. What I fear, and what I now realise my father always feared, was violent change; change that would sweep away fundamental and hard-bought things.

My inheritance then was a good deal more complex and hazardous than my father had bargained for.

The less complicated life of pomp and privilege for which I had been educated had lost much of its significance; nobody quite knew how or why.

In my turn as Prince as Wales, as an instrument or symbol rather than by any force of logic at my command, I was sent forth to discharge my public duties, or to employ the term that my brothers and I later applied to our official peregrinations, "Princing."

No doubt I approached this business differently than my father or his advisers would have had me do.

But, in the absence of any definite directive from them, it represented my views of the essential objects of my missions.

I travel the world

FIRSTLY, I should try to bring the monarchy nearer to the people of Britain, who, though emotionally loyal to the monarchical tradition, had become less inclined than in the past to take it all for granted.

Secondly, I should travel around the world, reviving or selling the idea of Empire to the waverers within the British Dominions and Colonies, meanwhile fostering good relations with foreign countries.

In no small measure, Lloyd George at this point became architect of my career. Concerned over the decline of the British position abroad, he drove me hard. During the next 12 years I travelled constantly.

The ostensible reason for these tours by which I came to know the world was that I should thank the people of the Empire, in my father's name, for their services in Britain's cause during the war.

But inside this idea was another: that in addition to making myself known to the different imperial factions over which I should one day rule, I should also learn about other countries important to British life.

Travelling so much, everything came in a great rush, like scenes in a newsreel: Canadian cow-punchers; Australian sheep stations; the gold mines of the Rand; the Argentine pampas; the banzais in Japan; a charging elephant in Uganda; the Oriental splendors of India's bygone pageantry; and President Wilson, propped up in Lincoln's bed in the White House.

I think that I can safely say that global politics has not yet produced anything to surpass these travels, unique in their variety and intensity. They were conducted at high speed and on precision schedules through hosts of people whose curiosity about a British Prince was not unmixed with suspicion.

And on my side they imposed a far greater mental and physical strain than was generally realised at the time.

The price of a royal welcome in Canada was a crushed right hand retired temporarily into a splint.

No stranger ever sat down to finer dinners—or worse; but my digestive organs were never the same; if deposited after my death for study by some eminent physiological foundation, they would, I am positive, give rise to astounding conclusions regarding the fearsome effects of corporate hospitality.

It was, of course, a splendid thing to be the subject of so many graceful and clever speeches. But where in the whole gamut of human suffering is there anything to equal the agony of devising several times a day, day after day, those few "well-chosen words"—precise and friendly, yet cautious—that my eloquent and practised hosts expected?

All that, however, was a long time ago, and meanwhile the consequences of my missions have passed into oblivion. At the time they brought forth enough eulogistic comment to encourage me to carry on.

One of the few compliments I valued was paid me by an American. A shrewd politician, chary of praise, this person said to me:

"You know very well, Sir, that you and I do not always agree, but by re-interpreting the monarchy in modern terms you have rendered a great service to your father and will have made the way easier for your successors."

Be that as it may, I did not spare myself in striving to fulfil all that was expected of me in the position to which I was born.

The End

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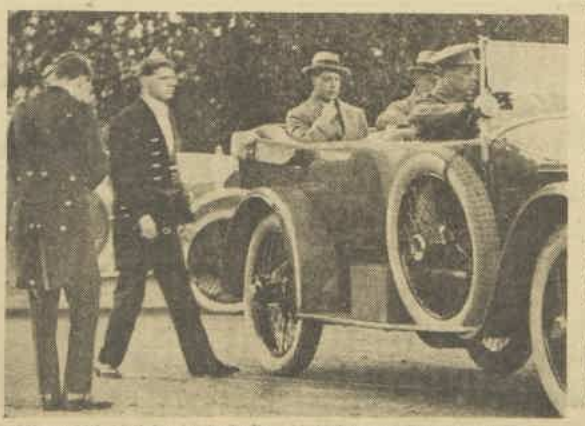

ON my 26th birthday in Australia. (A footman at Government House, Sydney, is snapping the Duke with a box-camera as he drives away.)

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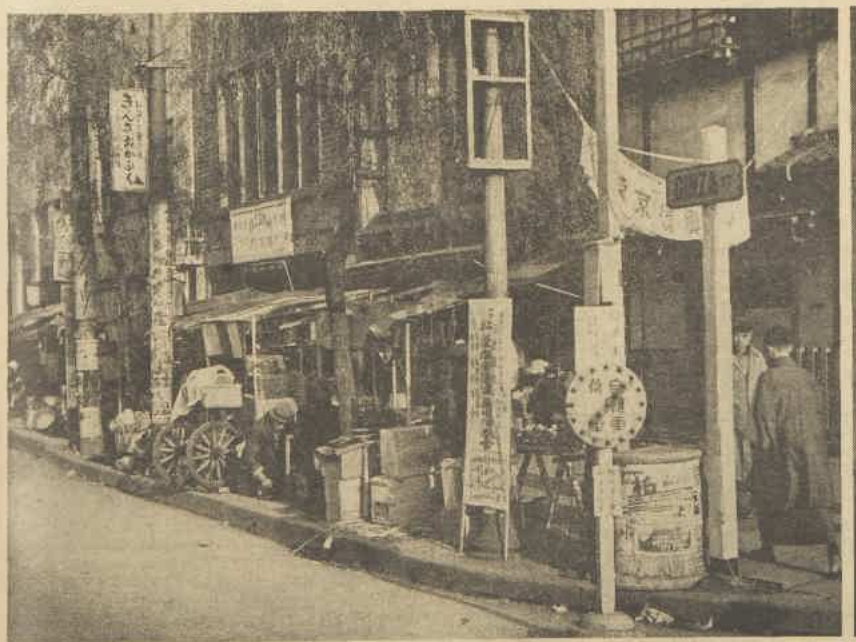
SHOPPING ON TOKIO'S FAMOUS GINZA

MODERN FRUIT SHOP. The Ginza, world-famous Tokio street, is many miles long, but the shopping area is concentrated within one mile.

FISH STORE. Prewar stalls opened only after 10 p.m. Now they open all day, close at dark. You can buy anything from electrical drills to toys and haberdashery.

CHESTNUT VENDOR'S STALL. The stalls are canvas booths placed along edge of pavement. Note typical footwear of customers, wooden-soled geta.

NIGHT SCENE AT BOOKSTALL. Some stalls have a few low-powered electric lights. Some use saucers of oil with light-wicks or fat-candles. All close early.



TYPICAL GINZA SCENE. Goods on the Ginza are technically second-hand because they are bought from brokers. Prices are not controlled. It is a free market, not a black market.

PALMIST AT WORK. The sketch at the left on the square stand is of Garbo's hand and on the right is Mussolini's.

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A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 13

GORMLEY said, with sudden sharpness: "You're a very jealous man, Alvinado."

Alvinado shrugged. "I am Mexican."

"Particularly jealous of Flaxman?"

Alvinado threw his cigarette away and said: "No more jealous of him than others."

"And yet," Gormley said. "This afternoon you chased him up to that house in Parramatta."

"Why not? I thought he had Rosa with him."

"How did you know he was there?"

Alvinado hesitated. "I don't think I care to tell you that," he said.

"No?" Gormley said. "I think you should. Shall I tell you why?"

The Mexican shrugged again. "It would at least be interesting."

"Because," Gormley told him, "a man might have thrown a knife from a height, say, and hit the wrong person."

Alvinado grinned. "A man might," he said, "but not a man like me."

Gormley left it at that and went to have a word with the stage manager and two assistants who, with Harry Bunce, completed the Colona's stage crew. After Flaxman's act had got under way, they told him, they went to the scene-dock.

"You had a good look at the man who was killed. You have had time to think it over," Gormley said. "You still say you don't know him?"

They were sure of it. He was someone quite new to them.

Gormley said: "You say you all went to the scene-dock. Who are all?"

The stage manager said: "Me, Will, and Tom here, and Harry Bunce."

"Why to the scene-dock?"

"We open the door and sit there, dangling our legs out, like. It's a bit of fresh air."

"The door was not open when you went there?"

One of the men said: "No. I remember, Aleck"—he indicated the stage manager—"threw it up."

"Then what happened?"

"Why," Aleck said, "nothing special. We sat down and smoked."

"What did you talk about?"

The man looked surprised. One of the others chipped in: "That's easy. About the Melbourne Cup. Harry had a double going——"

"Harry Bunce?"

"Of course."

"And you all sat there talking until you learned about the affair on the stage. Think carefully. I want each of you to speak for himself."

"I did," Aleck said, and the others echoed his words.

"Now, what about Bunce? Was he there all the time?"

"Bunce?" Aleck looked round as if for confirmation. "Why—no," he said. "I remember now. He jumped down and went along the lane to the stage door."

"It's all routine," Gormley said. "But I've got to check up. Why did he go? Tell me exactly what happened."

"I know," one of the men said.

"Tell it exactly," Gormley warned.

"He had his cigarette packet in his hand. He swore and said, 'I've got no cigarettes. I'll see old Charlie.'"

"The door-keeper?"

"Yes. He jumped down into the street and went to the stage door."

"You saw him?"

"Of course I seen him."

"Go into the stage door entrance?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Never mind," Gormley said. "I'm a policeman. I've got to have everything foolproof, or I'm on the mat." They laughed, and he continued: "How long was he away?"

Aleck said: "Oh, couldn't have been long. No time at all."

"What did he say when he came back?"

Aleck laughed. "He said, 'Flaxman's got a new flame. The old boy'—that's Charlie—'is making a date on the phone for him. Miss Milly Hope!' Will here said, 'There's a tip—Millie's Hope for the Cup,' and I asked, 'Did he really say, Milly Hope'?"

"What did Bunce say?"

"He said, 'Near enough. I think it was Millicent Hope.'"

"And a little later," Gormley asked, "you heard what had happened and hurried back to the wings?"

"Yes," Aleck said. "All of us."

Gormley said: "Thank you, gentlemen. You have corroborated in detail what Mr. Bunce told me himself." He added, grinning, "I might say I checked up with him about you, too." He turned away and was surprised to see Harry Bunce on the other side of the stage. He hurried across and took him familiarly by the arm.

"I wanted to see you alone," he said, confidentially. "It's about the phone call that came for Flaxman last night. You are quite sure the name you heard was Hope?"

Bunce regarded him suspiciously. "Quite. Is it important? The dames chase him, you know."

"It is, rather," Gormley said. "It wouldn't by any chance have been Millington Hope?"

"No," Bunce told him. "It was Millicent. The old boy was spelling it out—M for Merchant, I for Iago, L for Laertes. He's a Shakespearian ham. Why don't you ask him?"

"W-ell," Gormley drawled, apologetically. "He's deaf, you know. He might've got it wrong. I thought it just might be old Ma Millington Hope camouflaging. Fortune-teller with side lines." He winked, knowingly. "They're a sticky bunch."

"You're telling me," Bunce agreed, thoughtfully, and Gormley said: "Would you mind letting them know I won't want them any more today? All except Mrs. Flaxman. I'd like a word with her—in her dressing-room."

There was a star on the door, and the room which the mesmerist and his wife shared was far bigger than any of the other dressing-rooms.

Gormley had met Mrs. Flaxman the previous evening when she had been dressed as a page, and was a little surprised, therefore, to find the woman who rose to greet him quietly, but smartly, dressed. A bit of a surprise, he thought, after the Alvinado girl and all those brazen dancers.

Mrs. Flaxman said: "I don't know that I have anything else to tell you, Inspector."

Gormley went straight to the point: "There is just one thing. You're Mr. Flaxman's wife. Can you think of any reason why anyone should want to kill him?"

She said quickly: "Mr. Gormley, nothing has happened——?"

"No, no," he said smiling. "It's just routine." He went on gravely, "It is possible, of course, that whoever threw that knife last night meant it for Mr. Flaxman."

"Why Mr. Flaxman?"

Gormley shrugged. "He is the most likely person, I should think."

"There were others on the stage. All my husband's subjects."

"Now, Mrs. Flaxman. You've seen them. Do you seriously think anyone would want to murder any of them?"

She said: "Poor things. I suppose not. But there were others. Those committee men."

"Mr. Crane only arrived in Australia in the morning. The other two were well-known local men. If a man had wished to murder them he'd have hardly picked the stage of the Colona. By the way, you didn't know that man Crane—the actor who came up with the committee?"

"No," Mrs. Flaxman said. "I didn't know him."

"And the man who was killed?"

She shuddered. "No, I had never seen him in my life."

Gormley said: "This is confidential, of course. This mesmerism. Is it on the level?"

She laughed. "Some of it."

"You mean he actually can hypnotise people."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Some people. If they're agreeable. He's been able to do that always."

Gormley said: "I find it fascinating, this vaudeville life. It's my first experience."

There was a tinge of bitterness in her reply. "There's nothing very fascinating about it. You're always on the move. New towns. New people. Never a chance to take root and make a home and friends."

Gormley's voice was casual as he put the next question, but he saw her mouth harden. "You know Mrs. Lindel?"

"No, I don't know Mrs. Lindel."

"Mr. Flaxman is her friend?"

"He goes to see her. I have never been invited."

Gormley said very quietly: "Mrs. Flaxman, we are quite alone and you may rely on my discretion. Believe me, I hate to worry you, but it may clear the air and eventually make things easier if I ask you something." He hesitated.

She said softly: "Go on, Mr. Gormley."

"It's this. Mr. Flaxman, I should imagine, would be more than ordinarily attractive to women. Might he be proving himself a little too attractive? Is someone resenting his attention in a certain quarter?"

She avoided his eyes as she answered after a brief hesitation: "I suppose all husbands are jealous."

Gormley said: "I think that answers it. Just one more question, Mrs. Flaxman. Are you jealous of your husband?"

She looked him full in the face and her eyes filled with tears.

"I suppose I am. I keep on telling myself that he isn't worth it." She made a gesture of hopelessness. "Sometimes it isn't so bad. One can understand a man—even one's husband—being attracted. But a nasty little tart like Rosa Alvinado. It makes me feel so cheap—and old."

Gormley accompanied her down the stairs and to the stage door and saw her walking away up the lane towards the front of the theatre before he went inside again. The doorkeeper was in his little office reading the Sunday papers. Gormley returned to the stage and stood for a moment thinking.

The outside light was dying, and only a little penetrated into the auditorium. Glancing up, trying to pierce the gloom in the heights above, Gormley suddenly felt small and lonely.

He shrugged his shoulders, then, glad of the excuse, looked at the illuminated dial of his watch and walked swiftly from the spot on which Mr. X had been stabbed, across the stage, and down the corridor to the stage door.

Calling "good-night" to old Charlie without diminishing his speed, he stepped into the lane and continued to the front of the theatre where Janie had been standing with Randle, the manager, waiting for Bob Struthers on the night of the murder. He looked at his watch again. He had taken less than three minutes.

To be continued

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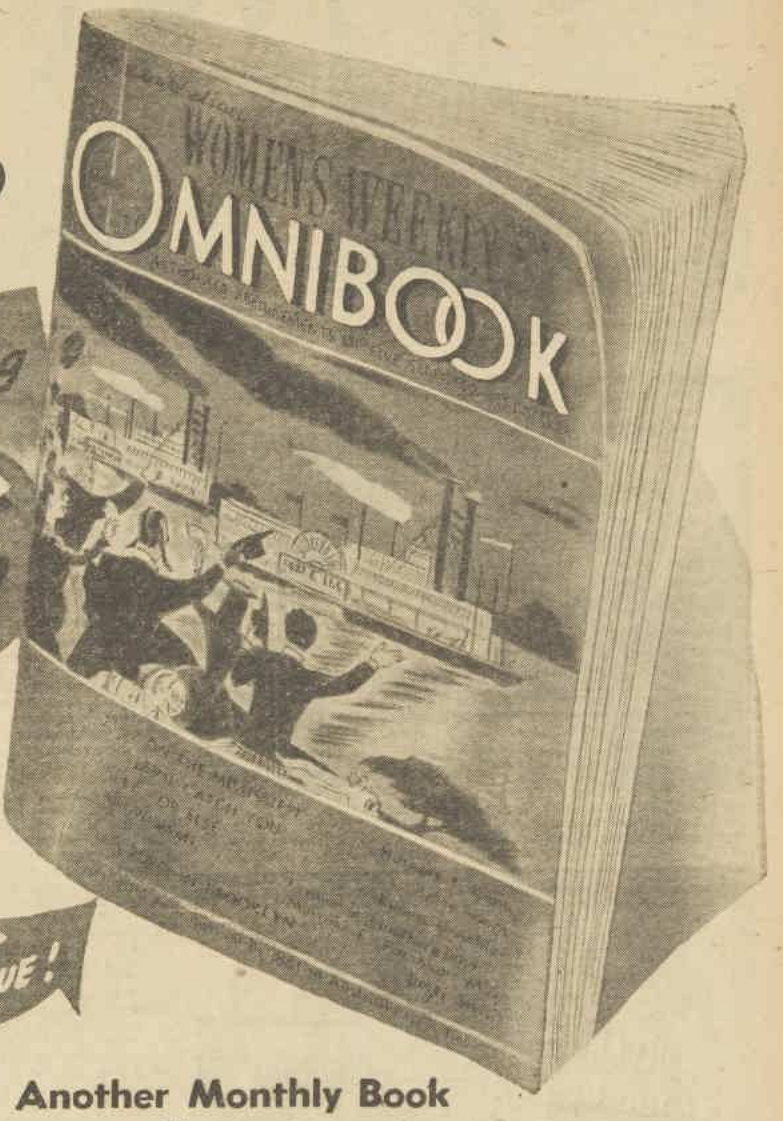

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BALLET OPENING. Mrs. Brian Haynes and Mrs. Rex Carmichael attend first night of Ballet Rambert. Mrs. Haynes wears white crepe with red sash, Mrs. Carmichael deep emerald-green crepe.

BALLERINAS. Belinda Wright, Joyce Graeme, and Sara Luzita, three of the principal dancers in Ballet Rambert Company, enjoy joke at late afternoon party at "Kinneil." Belinda dances role of Swan Princess in "Swan Lake."

HAND-LOOMED SATIN. Lovely satin frock made from part of length hand-loomed in England for Princess Elizabeth, is worn by dark-haired Mrs. Gordon Earl at wedding at St. Canice's, Roslyn Gardens. Marie is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Leahy, of Manna Park, Forbes, and Oxley, Warren. Gordon is second son of Mrs. L. Earl, of Willoughby.

FIRST-NIGHTERS. Nick Hewens, June Dally Watkins, Zara St. Clair, and Ron Barnes make gay four at first night of Ballet. June wears pink taffeta skirt and navy pink-lined bodice, and Zara a cream moire strapless gown with a white fur cape.

PARTY IN H.M.A.S. AUSTRALIA. Mrs. Roslyn Dibbs, Mrs. Alexis Albert, and Mrs. Copper Morrow chat with Roderick Cameron at Rear-Admiral Farncomb's welcome to officers of American Task Force. Roderick and his mother, the Countess of Kemare, just returned to Sydney after holiday at Barrier Reef.

Intimate Gossipings

AFTER successful opening night at Tivoli, members of Ballet Rambert enjoy an informal party backstage and spend following days sailing on the Harbor and swimming at Manly and Bondi.

Madame Rambert, in lovely white embroidered old-world frock, tells first Sydney audience she is thrilled at reception of Ballet because "Melbourne liked us, but said Sydney was different, so we thought you might hiss us." Audience is very well dressed, with number of men in new, loose dinner-jackets and women in glamorous evening gowns, many of them strapless, and ballerina-length frocks in black or white.

"New look" short frocks are worn by those who come on from late afternoon reception given for American Task Force officers at Australia Hotel by American Consul-General in Sydney, Mr. Orsen Nielsen, and Mrs. Nielsen.

• • •

MANY parties for Task Force begin with cocktails on night of arrival on board H.M.A.S. Australia. Rear-Admiral H. B. Farncomb, with Mrs. Farncomb, receives guests.

Later in evening I run into American Ambassador, Mr. Robert Butler, smiling happily after a walk around the city streets watching his fellow countrymen inspecting "this wonderful Australian city."

• • •

THE Ambassador tells me he takes after-dinner walk every evening in Canberra. He is keenly interested in the Embassy garden, and tells me that he is particularly pleased with Australian clover grass he has planted there.

• • •

THE Ewart Brisbins renew Honolulu-made friendships with U.S. officers over drinks in their Point Piper flat. Later party moves to home of the Ernest Watts, where grills are cooked in garden by light of colored flares.

HUGE surf when visiting American officers go down to the Roy McCaughey's Whale Beach home for "quiet" Sunday after official and unofficial celebrations. Lunch at Elanora, then surf for those who feel like braving it. Afterwards a buffet supper, enlivened by presence of many local lovelies and young marrieds. Party of 45 winds up shortly before twelve, causing visiting Americans to comment: "Sydney cannot only take it, but seems to enjoy it."

• • •

LOTS of country people at wedding of Maureen Clyne, of Dubbo, to Charles King, of Sydney. Following celebration of Nuptial Mass at St. John's Chapel at the University, guests gather on lawn at Rancliff for old-fashioned but sustaining cup of tea before formal reception. Maureen is attended by sisters, Mrs. R. J. Randall, of Canberra, and Mrs. Tom O'Brien. South Coast motoring honeymoon for bridal couple, who will settle into seaside flat on return.

• • •

CAUGHT up in a whirl of farewell parties and packing are Ed and Lesley Warn, who leave for America with their two children, Martha and Virginia, towards end of the month. Ed's business will be in New York, but he and Lesley hope to secure a home in Connecticut.

FRIENDS receive from Mrs. Nelson T. Johnson, wife of former U.S. Minister to Australia, little volume entitled "One World Cook Book." Reminiscent of Wendell Willkie's "One World," it gives recipes from everywhere. Coconut soup from Siam, torto de chocle from Ecuador, lemon meringue pie from U.S.A. Australia's contribution is melting moments.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Admiration among guests at wedding of Thelma Cook and Frank McNeill for Thelma's lovely bridal gown of seven-tiered white lace mounted on taffeta. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albury H. Cook, of North Strathfield . . . Whirlwind dash from Cowra by the John Fagans, who come to Sydney for week-end.

Taking prize for beach suntan are Rosemary and John Thompson's two young sons, Gayford and Randall.

Envy of all swimmers is Eileen Copeland's Swiss bathing-suit in white, patterned with sky-blue motif and worn with white towelling beach-coat stitched with matching shade of blue.

Carma and Jack Minnett whir down for week-end at Shellharbor, where Carma's mother, Mrs. "Chick" Nathan, is having fishing holiday. Pam Allsopp is fellow week-ender.

• • •

INTERESTING trip ahead of the John Arups, of Bellevue Hill, who leave soon by air for five months' tour of England and Europe. Home of John's parents, Professor and Mrs. Erik Arup, in Copenhagen, will be their headquarters during trip. Janet, who brought back lovely shoes from Italy last year, is looking forward to getting more when they visit Italy again.

• • •

LEADER of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, George White, and his wife, Frances, have chosen Linda Margaret as names for their new daughter. Linda makes the fifth girl in the family of six children.

• • •

BACK home again are Mrs. A. W. Kendall and her daughter Felicity, who have been basking in Queensland sunshine. Holiday included stay at Lennon's, a visit to Jimbour House, Dalby, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell. Keen horsewoman, Felicity enjoyed plenty of riding. She has just completed social workers' course at Sydney University, so looks forward to commencing a job soon.

Joyce

CONSUL-GENERAL'S PARTY. Vivacious Mary Hooper and Ensign David Cammack, of U.S. aircraft-carrier Valley Forge, at party given for Task Force at Australia Hotel by American Consul-General in Sydney, Mr. Orsen Nielsen, and Mrs. Nielsen.

RECENTLY ENGAGED. Enid Savage and fiance Dr. Harvey Chesterfield-Evans lunch at Prince's during visit to Sydney. Enid and Harvey, both Sydney people, are working in Brisbane, Enid at occupational therapy, Harvey on staff of Women's Hospital.

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Period films . . .

KAY WALSH, well known on the British stage as a comedienne, has a leading role opposite Roger Livesey in Two Cities' period comedy, "Vice Versa." She is the wife of director David Lean.

ROSAMUND JOHN wears a charming 1880 dress in Two Cities' "Fame Is the Spur." Hand-embroidered flowers trim the chartreuse top, and the purple skirt is draped. The dress was designed by Honoria Plesch.

VALERIE HOBSON, whose personal wardrobe is noted for its soignee charm, wears this period frock to perfection. It will be seen in the Cineguild film "Blanche Fury," in which she co-stars with Stewart Granger.

JEAN SIMMONS poses in a magnificent period ball dress which she wears as Caroline in the film "Uncle Silas," adapted from Sheridan Le Fanu's well-known novel. Co-starring with Jean are Derrick de Marney and the Greek actress Katina Paxinou. The demure posy and long curls suit Jean's piquant beauty.

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FROM LEADING SALONS IN SUITS AND FROCKS

1 **SEARCHING** for famous love-letters of American poet Jeffrey Ashton, a publisher, Lewis Venable (Robert Cummings), is helped by Charles (John Archer), an author, to meet the owner of letters.

2 **ARRIVING** at eerie house owned by Juliana Bordereau, to whom the letters were written over 70 years ago, Lewis is greeted aloofly by Tina (Susan Hayward).

3 **NEEDING** money, Juliana (Agnes Moorehead) sells Lewis a miniature of her old lover Ashton; but the letters are carefully hidden. Lewis realises Juliana is totally blind, but has acute hearing.

4 **LETTERS** are in possession of Tina, niece of Juliana, who has spells, when she believes she is her aunt. Under these spells she makes violent love to Lewis.

The Lost Moment

FURNISHINGS for the secret room sets in the old Bordereau house in Venice, where the big love scenes of "The Lost Moment" are played, are part of a collection bought by Universal after being locked away for 50 years. The collection includes priceless brocade drapes, a spinet, a huge chandelier. As the Bordereau house is supposed to be more than 100 years old, pieces from the collection are ideal furnishings for it.

5 **TOLD** by Lewis of these spells Father Rinaldo (E. Ciannelli) says present-day love might cure Tina's mind.

6 **ACCEPTING** invitation to go out with Lewis, Tina seems better. When they return he steals the letters.

7 **SCREAMS** in Juliana's room bring him running, to find Tina, in a mad fit of rage, choking her aunt, whom she thinks has taken the letters. He intervenes, hands over the package of letters.

8 **CONFESSION** by Juliana that she killed Ashton makes Tina faint. Lewis carries her out. Letters are burnt when Juliana knocks over the candle nearby.

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BLONDES	CLEAR RED No. 1.	BLUE RED No. 1.	ROSE RED No. 1.
BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 3.	BLUE RED No. 3.	ROSE RED No. 3.
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2.	BLUE RED No. 2.	ROSE RED No. 2.
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1.	BLUE RED No. 1.	ROSE RED No. 1.

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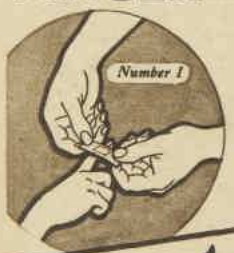
How to treat a

CUT FINGER



1. *Cleanse the finger thoroughly and dry.*
2. *Select an Elastoplast dressing of suitable size and remove protective muslin.*
3. *Without touching antiseptic pad, place it on cut, slightly stretching dressing round finger.*
4. *Finally, firmly press down adhesive edges.*

The wound is now comfortably and securely protected whilst the dressing, being elastic, allows the joints to move freely. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt see your doctor.

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FIRST AID DRESSINGS

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- Elastic
- Adhesive
- Antiseptic

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That Infernal Charm

Continued from page 9

FLORA looked up at him and the knowledge that she was about to lose him was agonising.

"If you won't let me finish a sentence," he said, "maybe you'll let me say, 'Goodbye.' "

"Don't be so melodramatic," she said, fumbling in her bag for compact and lipstick. Although she was aware of his leaving, she did not let herself look up.

Flight had become important. The bench upon which she sat, the lake, the park itself had become disturbing to her.

"Sally!"

The little girl stood up and came slowly toward her mother.

"Where's Pete?" Sally called out desperately. Not seeing him, she began to run so fast that she could not right herself when her ankle turned on a stone. She fell, her chin striking the corner of the bench.

Sally's screams of pain and confused, questioning eyes made Flora feel lost and, curiously enough, guilty.

Sally did not cry as she sat very straight in the taxi on the way to the doctor. Flora reached out and pulled her close, but Sally's spine was stiff as she resisted the gesture of affection.

Oh, Flora thought, I'm so glad I've got Roger. The poor child does need a father. This was the first time she had thought of Roger since the accident.

Then, having thought of him, she immediately developed a curious resentment toward him. If Roger were to be Sally's father, if Sally were ever to stop calling him Uncle Roger, then he should have been with his child when she fell and cut herself. Instantly Flora rejected the unworthy thought and set it down to the hysteria which it was.

> *"He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner."*
> —Benjamin Franklin.

She helped Sally out of the cab and into the doctor's rooms. He wasted no time in greeting Flora. He said only, "Hello, Sally," and bent over the wound in her chin.

"Is it . . . is it bad?" Flora had been very sane, but now that the burden of her responsibility was shifted to another she felt faint. Dr. Larson gave her a sharp look.

"Go into the waiting-room," he said.

"Is Sally . . . will it hurt Sally?" Flora asked.

"No," said Dr. Larson. "Sally will be all right."

Half an hour later the doctor came into the waiting-room and sat beside Flora. "May I see Sally now?" she asked.

"In a minute," Dr. Larson replied.

"Thank you," Flora said weakly. "Did it hurt her?"

"Not much," Dr. Larson said. And then he asked, "Why did she fall?"

Flora was glad to talk, but Dr. Larson interrupted her impatiently. "Exactly," he said. "That's the physical chart of the accident. But what was her emotional problem?"

Flora stiffened. "I didn't know she had any emotional problems."

The doctor took a dictionary from his secretary's desk. He opened it at a place toward the front.

Then he said, "This is the Oxford dictionary. It defines 'accident' as 'event without apparent cause, unintentional act,' but that definition, according to more advanced ones, leaves much to be desired. It is an event without apparent cause but there is no accident completely without reason."

Flora knew the theory of the subconscious accident. But she did not want to hear about it now. Very icily she said, "Will it help Sally's wound to heal if we delve into her rather doubtful psychology?"

"Now look here," Dr. Larson said, "I've been seeing Sally off and on ever since she came into the world. I know her pretty well and I don't like the look of her."

"Naturally," Flora said, "she's all cut across the chin."

"It's more than that," the old man said. "You've been a good mother, Flora, but a child of divorce is always a problem. What Sally needs is a sense of security."

Flora smiled. "And she will have it. Roger Holcombe and I are going to be married."

"Much joy," said Dr. Larson. "Holcombe is a fine fellow. But what about this friend of Sally's who caused the accident? Is it some little boy you forbid her to play with?"

Flora frowned, puzzled. "Sally can play with anybody she likes," she said.

"Well, then," the doctor persisted, "who is Pete?"

Flora jumped.

"Who's who?" she cried out.

"Then Pete is a friend of yours?" the doctor said quizzically.

Flora stood up. "Now see here, Doctor Larson. I brought my child who had had an . . . well, she had had an accident however you define it . . . to you for treatment. I did not come here to discuss my personal life. What has Sally been telling you about Pete?" she asked defensively.

"Only that she said she didn't start to run and she didn't fall until she realised that Pete wasn't there . . ."

. . . . . .

Sally, looking pale, was propped up by pillows on the sofa in the living room. Flora held out the hand mirror to her. "Look at yourself," she said. "I think you're quite rakish with your white goatee."

Sally took the mirror and regarded her bandage.

"Do you want some ice cream?" Flora asked. "You may have anything you want, darling."

"Can I, Mother?" Sally asked.

"I'm sorry you missed lunch with Uncle . . . with Roger," Flora said.

"I didn't miss it much," Sally said.

"Roger will be here in a little while," Flora said. "He was very distressed when I rang him to say you had an acc— that you had been hurt. He's going to bring you something pretty."

"Oh," said Sally. She looked at Flora, the tears welling up in her eyes.

"Does it hurt?" Flora asked.

"A little," said Sally. The tears ran down her cheeks and were absorbed by the white goatee. "You said I could have anything I wanted, Mother?"

Flora nodded.

"Then could I not have something I don't want? Because if it's all the same to you would you mind not letting Uncle Roger bring me anything?"

Flora stood by the window and looked down to the street below. It's that infernal charm and excitement, she thought. My poor little innocent child has been lured by it, just as I was once. Bother my pulse. I'll have the thing cut out. And then, surprisingly enough, she thought, And bother security.

"Sally," Flora said, turning from the window, "I don't even know Pete's telephone number."

Sally brightened. "I do," she said. "He gave it to me once and said to give it to you if you ever wanted it. It's four—"

"Don't tell me," Flora cut her off. "You may know his telephone number, but I don't know anything about him."

"I do," said Sally. "He's fun."

Flora's shoulders sagged. She had picked Roger for Sally, for Sally's security. But Sally didn't want security. Sally, for all her nine-and-a-half years, was a woman.

"All right, Sally," Flora said wearily. "What's the number?"

As she listened to her daughter pronouncing the magic figures she was suddenly weary no longer. She held her shoulders high, and her eyes were bright as she went into her bedroom and picked up the telephone receiver. And as she began to dial, the pulse on her wrist pounded so hard that she was barely able to form the semicircles with her finger.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

He didn't forget to kiss you Honey!

Poor foolish wife—to trust just a bath, instead of capping it off with dependable *Mum*.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration but it can't safeguard you against the risk of *future* underarm odour.

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Dress Sense

● Fashion problems arising from the new look form the subject of most of the letters I receive. They come from readers who cannot make drastic changes in their wardrobes and who want to look as smart as possible.

by Betty Keep

THE letter I am answering first this week asks for a design for an evening and day dress in one, and the other letters are also selected because the answers should prove helpful to many readers faced with similar difficulties.

Clever underskirt

"I HAVE eight yards of pretty pink rayon material for a dinner dress and would like your assistance with the design. A friend of mine made a floor-length dress with a detachable skirt, making it possible to wear the dress in the evening or during the daytime. I thought the idea so clever I wondered if you could design something similar?"

Have your dress made with a simple button-up bodice, low neckline, and short sleeves, with a gored skirt cut to the length you usually wear your hemlines. Then make, or have made, an extra underskirt in a stiff dress fabric (it need not match) and stitch the pink dress material made in two short tiers, gored to match the skirt, to the slip at the point where your day hemline ends. Follow this idea carefully and you will have a simple-to-make double-duty dress. Worn with the underskirt it is a smart dinner dress, and, without, a plain daytime dress.

Pearls

"ARE pearls still being worn? I have some pre-war strings I bought quite cheaply, and wondered if I would have them restrung and perhaps use them in some smart new way."

Pearls of all kinds have become popular again since Princess Elizabeth wore pearls for her wedding. A choker consisting of three strands is worn for late afternoon, and later these chokers often have a stranded bracelet and single pearl earrings to match. Pearls in the hair is another idea. A thick plait made from rows and rows of seed pearls is often worn fastened round the base of a chignon. Pearls are also being used to make shoulder straps on formal dance dresses: three rows over each shoulder ending in little pearl tassels is new and chic.

Skirt fullness

"I WANT a really full skirt on my new autumn dress. How will I have it cut?"

You can have a full skirt cut on the straight of the material, narrowed at the waist with shirring or unpressed pleats. You can have a skirt with all-round knife pleating — this skirt is prettiest cut on the bias. Then there are plenty of tiered evening and afternoon skirts: sometimes the tiers are circular and sometimes straight, gathered like flounces. Hemlines of really big skirts are cut circular: big circle, two half circles, or as many as eight wedge-shaped gores.

Fur renovation

"LAST winter I bought a new fur coat of dark brown clipped rabbit, and now find it looks rather dowdy and short with the new length in skirts. What can I do? I paid a lot of money for the coat, and certainly can't afford not to wear it. It is made with a nice flared back, collarless neckline, and wide sleeves."

Have your coat shortened to wrist length. It's a length that looks very smart with the longer hemline. Or if you still feel you require a full-length coat, you could have a furrier insert a deep yoke. To bring your coat completely up to date, you might add a big round collar or hood, and have the sleeves finished with cuffs.

AN UNDERSKIRT with two flounces transforms a day-length frock into a dinner frock.

Evening wrap

"I HAVE not had an evening coat during the war years and would like to buy or have one made. I can't afford a fur cape or jacket, but do want a garment to look smart and correct. Would velveteen be suitable for the material?"

You could have a short coat, cut like a Chinese jacket, or if you require something warmer and more enveloping, a toreador's cape or a cape with a hood. I advise wool for the material. Wool is more pliable and warmer then velveteen. Have the coat or cape lined in a contrasting color; it would also be nice to have it trimmed with some type of beaded or embroidered motif — embroidery is all the rage for the coming season.

Velvet and jersey

"I AM wondering if you will help me with a problem I have in mind. I have a 3yd. length of lovely black French velvet and wondered if it would be possible to buy some other material and combine the two to make a really smart dinner frock. I want something striking and unusual."

Combine your black velvet with banana-yellow wool jersey. I know it is not always easy to buy jersey, and if you can't do so try for a material with a jersey-like texture. Utilise the velvet for an evening blouse and the jersey for an ankle-length skirt. Have the blouse styled with a low-cut neckline and ¾ length sleeves, the skirt slim with a wide matching cummerbund. A cummerbund is very smart and helps to create the new look of a tiny waist. Gloves made in the same dress fabric as the skirt would be a chic accessory.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 G.P.O., Sydney.

New headlines

"I AM beginning to think about a between-seasons hat, and would like some advice. Will the halo shape still be worn for autumn, and what other types are new? I have always loved halo hats, and thought one made in velveteen would look smart. I am 25, a tailored type, and very hat-conscious."

The halo hat is finished, but there are plenty of alluring and attractive shapes for autumn and winter. One of the most becoming is a bonnet shape that fits the head tightly behind, ties under the chin, and is worn straight on the head. Then there is the new large beret made with a side wing jutting over to one side, or flopping softly over the back of the head.

In Paris, Christian Dior, one of the best-known post-war fashion designers, has popularised a small pillbox shape worn away over on one ear. To wear this line successfully the hair is worn short or swirled up to fill the space not covered by the hat. Another new shape is the bicorne; it shoots fore and aft off the head in contradiction to the large hats that stretch from shoulder to shoulder. All types of feather trims are popular, and so are fur trims and soft streamers. As you are the tailored type, plus the fact you like the idea of velveteen, I advise a large beret as your most becoming hat style this autumn.

Wedding hostess

"I AM to be hostess at my sister's wedding and would like you to tell me what would be the correct dress to wear for this occasion. The wedding is to take place at 3 p.m., and is to be formal. By formal I mean my sister is to wear a bridal gown and veil."

The correct fashion for a hostess at a formal afternoon wedding is a street-length afternoon dress, the type of dress you would wear to a cocktail party or for informal dining. It would look "new" made in a dark shade of taffeta—either very dark green or very dark brown. The hat could be large or small, whichever you feel suits your own particular type. Wear gloves and carry a small bouquet of flowers, or if you prefer it pin a corsage of flowers to the bodice or waistline of the dress. Choose a really elegant handbag and elegant shoes. Lovely accessories will make just the difference to the ensemble as a whole.

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News for the "Over-forties"

If you feel older than you look, and your mirror shows you a woman who looks older than she should, *start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day.* The revitalizing effect of a course of Phyllosan must be experienced to be appreciated. It is so easy! Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. Many thousands of men and women, particularly those over forty, owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity).

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The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

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EAT WHAT YOU SHOULD

● Diet is a subject which those who study beauty must consider carefully and expertly.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

OLD-FASHIONED habits of over-eating have been replaced with the saner plan of choosing food for quality rather than quantity.

Diet is whatever one eats, and not necessarily a restricted method of eating.

In a general way, everybody knows that calories are something you count, and that too many of them add up to too much weight, that certain types and amounts of food are needed to maintain good health and normal weight, and that everyone has definite food likes and dislikes.

Trouble is, it's difficult to condense all this into a simple formula for selecting the daily meals.

One of America's leading dietetic authorities, Professor E. V. McCollum gives this as the answer:

"First eat what you should, then eat what you want — and learn to want some of the things you should."

The following dietary pattern furnishes recommended daily allowances for specific nutritional needs:—

● **Milk and Milk Products:** At least a pint for everyone — more for children — or cheese, or evaporated or dried milk.

● **Oranges, Tomatoes, Grapefruit:** At least one of these, or raw cabbage or salad greens.

● **Green or Yellow Vegetables:** One big helping or more, some raw, some cooked.

● **Other Vegetables, Fruits:** Potatoes, vegetables, or fruits in season.

● **Bread and Cereal:** Wholegrain products, or enriched white bread and flour.

● **Meat, Poultry, or Fish.**

● **Dried beans, peas, or nuts occasionally.**

● **Eggs:** At least three or four weekly, cooked any way you choose, or in "made" dishes.

● **Butter and Other Spreads:** Vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

● **Eat other foods you also like.** This is a practical scheme, allowing the housewife to plan, purchase, prepare, and serve meals without a detailed knowledge of vitamins, minerals, or other factors in the chemistry of food and nutrition.

In emphasising the McCollum dictum, "First eat what you should, then eat what you want," special attention is directed to the addition which says, "Learn to want some of the things you should."

This innocent phrase is an accusing finger pointing straight at the he-man who orders red meat and no vegetables, or the skinny lady who eats only salads and no meat, or the fat person of either sex who eats too much of sugars, starches, and fats and not enough of the more essential foods.

SEASONAL FRUITS are essential diet elements.

Learning to like what we ought to eat should not be too difficult if we maintain an inquiring mind and an experimental attitude. Many people are exceedingly hide-bound in their food preferences, which sometimes amount to food prejudices, because many of the things which they do not prefer are things which they have never tried.

So we might helpfully add . . . and learn to be a little more liberal-minded about unfamiliar foods!

The normal diet is one thing, the reducing another. There are popular reasons and good reasons for reducing menus. Among women, probably the most popular reason is the desire to wear fashionable clothes and look attractive.

Since, according to life insurance statistics, the smaller the waistline the longer the lifeline, the best reason for slimming is to get rid of surplus flesh.

The exception appears to be in adolescence, when a bit of excess weight is generally an added safeguard.

In any event, a medical check-up is the safe and sane approach to individual dieting and for general advice about the choice and principles of the diet.

If calories are planned expertly, counted honestly, weight-reducing diets need be neither dreary nor dull by following the doctor's orders.

Treatment of dog bite

By MEDICO

"MY boy's been bitten by a dog," said Mrs. K., as her husband carried him into the surgery.

"He was riding his tricycle along the street, when the dog rushed out of a house and bit him on the leg."

After the bandages were unwrapped, six tooth-marks of the dog showed on the calf of the boy's leg.

"They bled a bit before we bandaged the wounds," said Mrs. K.

"That's all to the good," I replied. "A little bleeding is nature's way of cleansing a dirty wound."

"Is there any danger of hydrophobia?" was Mr. K's anxious query.

"You can thank the Commonwealth Department of Health for the freedom of this country from one of the most horrible of diseases—rabies or hydrophobia. The strict rule of quarantine for all animals entering Australia is thoroughly justified."

"What is the best antiseptic to use on dog-bites?"

"Warm water and soap applied on a nailbrush is the most effective way to clean any dirty wound. An injection against tetanus may be necessary."

"What should we do about the dog?" asked Mr. K.

"I'll give you a certificate that your boy has wounds on his leg that could be caused by a dog-bite. I suggest that you give this to the police, with a description of the dog, and the house from which he came."

Fond as I am of dogs, it is not right that innocent passers-by should be exposed to such attacks.

Dogs which are kept in suburban homes should be trained to behave.

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

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LOW COST Meals

● Many excellent dishes can be made from the cheaper cuts of meat . . . prepared carefully, seasoned well, and cooked slowly.

AVOID greasiness in stews or casseroles by trimming excess fat from the meat before cooking. Preserve the flavor by using a minimum of liquid. Too much makes a weak gravy, and robs meat and vegetables of much of their taste.

In the meat recipes on this page the cheaper cuts of lamb or mutton are used. Cheaper cuts of beef are good, too.

Steak for stewing can be made more palatable by steeping for one hour in a small quantity of salad oil and vinegar, seasoned with onion juice, salt and pepper.

Skirt steak, with no bone and very little fat or gristle, should be used for pies or meat puddings.

Chuck steak is suitable for stews and casseroles.

Topside steak cut in one thick piece makes a good pot-roast.

STUFFED LAMB BREASTS

Four unsalted breasts of lamb (each about ¾lb.), 1 heaped teaspoon fat, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, ¾ cup grated carrot, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Using coarse thread and strong needle, sew 2 pieces of meat together, leaving broad end open for stuffing. Melt fat in small pan, add celery and onion. Cook until celery is soft and onion lightly browned. Add all other ingredients, turn into basin, bind with egg-yolk. Fill into lamb pockets. Skewer open end of each stuffed joint with strong cocktail sticks or sharpened matches. Lace with fine string as illustrated. Place joints in baking dish with hot fat to a depth of ¼in. Bake uncovered in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours, basting and turning joints at frequent intervals. Place prepared vegetables in for the last 40 to 45 minutes. Remove cocktail sticks, string, and thread before serving with baked vegetables, brown gravy, baked tomato halves, and green peas.

GOLDEN SPICE PUDDING

Two large eggs, pinch salt, ½ cup castor sugar, 1 heaped dessertspoon golden syrup, ½ cup self-raising flour, 1 heaped dessertspoon cornflour, good ½ teaspoon each of cinnamon and cocoa, 3 dessertspoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks mixed with golden syrup. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then hot milk and melted butter. Turn into greased piedish, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with lemon sauce.

GOLDEN SYRUP SAUCE

Two tablespoons golden syrup, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 level teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Blend cornflour with water, add all other ingredients. Stir over low heat while mixture comes to boil and simmers 3 minutes.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON

One and a half pounds neck of mutton (cut in slices), 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint vegetable or meat stock or water, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 green apple, 2 thick slices swede turnip, 1 tablespoon barley, 1 peeled chopped tomato, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Wipe meat, trim off excess fat. Melt fat, fry meat lightly until browned on both sides. Remove meat, add diced onion and flour, brown lightly. Stir in stock or water, salt and pepper. Continue stirring until boiling. Place meat, gravy, diced peeled apple and turnip, washed barley and tomato into casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 2 hours; stir occasionally while cooking. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley before serving.

ECONOMY VANILLA SOUFFLE

One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 heaped tablespoon powdered milk, ½ pint water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla, good pinch grated lemon rind.

Whip powdered milk into warmed water, add sugar. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Beat with wooden spoon until completely smooth and slightly cooled. Add egg-yolks, lemon rind, and vanilla. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into deep greased piedish, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Serve immediately with golden syrup sauce.

CREAMED NECK CHOPS WITH CELERY

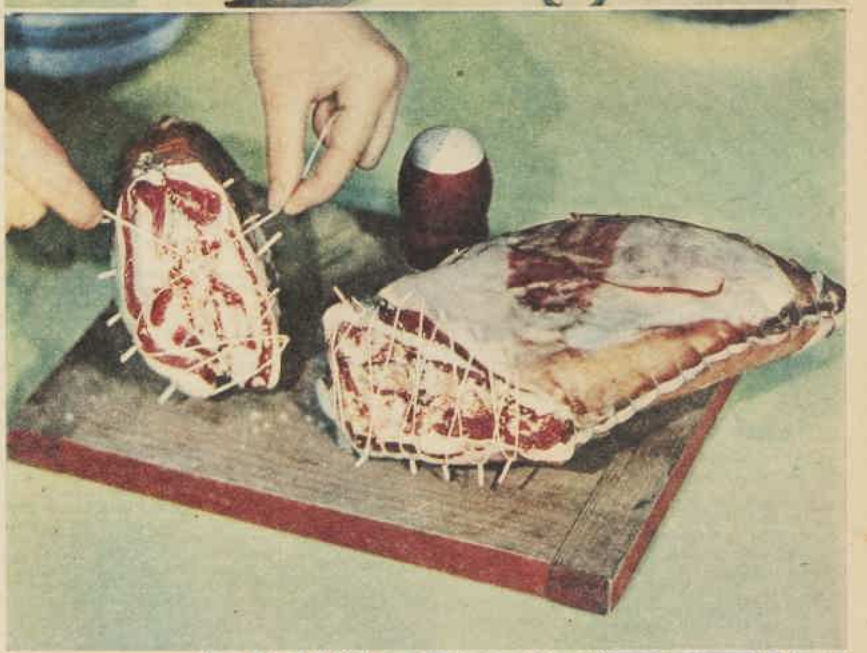
One and a half pounds neck chops, 1 onion, few sprigs of mint and parsley, thin piece of lemon rind, ¾ pint water, 2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk.

Wipe and trim chops, peel and slice onion. Place in saucepan with mint, parsley, lemon rind, water, half the celery leaves, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 1½ hours. Remove lemon rind, mint, and parsley. Add diced celery, simmer further 45 minutes. Strain off all but ¾ cup of the liquid, reserving it for use in gravy, etc. Blend flour smoothly with milk, add to pan, stir until boiling. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with finely chopped celery leaves.

APPLE NOUGAT TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 cup cooked apple pulp (drained free from syrup), 1 cup desiccated coconut, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla or almond essence.

Roll shortcrust to fit 7in. tart-plate. Line plate, pinch a frill round edge. Spread base of tart with jam, add apple pulp. Mix coconut with sugar, add egg-yolk, milk, and essence. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into tart. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350deg. and bake a further 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.



BREASTS OF LAMB, jointed and stuffed as shown in the pictures above, then baked until tender and served with baked potatoes and pumpkin, baked tomato-halves and green peas. See detailed recipe on this page.

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

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Reader wins prize for

Novel cricket-bat cake

BACKYARD cricketers or Test players will appreciate the cake that wins first prize this week. It is shaped like a cricket bat and is more than two feet long.

If Chinese food appeals to you, try the Chinese curry cakes.

Add the recipes for honey nougat tart and double-crust blackberry pie to your file. Blackberries are in season now; ingredients for the nougat tart are available all the year round.

CRICKET-BAT CAKE

Three-quarters cup margarine or butter, ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 6 eggs, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1lb. flour, ½ teaspoon spice, 2lb. mixed fruit, quantity mock almond paste (using 12oz. icing sugar), quantity royal icing (using 1lb. icing sugar), yellow cake-coloring, 1oz. dark chocolate.

Pour fruit juice over fruit and allow to stand while creaming margarine or butter with sugar and essences. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add fruit alternately with sifted flour and spice. Turn into 9in. by 10in. well-greased baking-dish lined with two thicknesses of paper. Bake in slow oven (300deg. F.) approximately two hours. When cooked and cold, cut cake into three portions, one strip 2in. wide, two strips each 4in. wide. Join lengthwise with apricot jam, using the two 4in. pieces to form bat and the 2in. piece for the handle. Lie flat on a board or piece of thick cardboard cut to fit cake and covered with gresseproof paper. Cover cake with almond paste and then with royal icing colored slightly with a little yellow coloring or a few drops of coffee essence. Mark spring of bat with slightly darker icing. Color remaining icing with melted chocolate, and cover handle. Mark binding near end of bat and pipe name along spring with chocolate icing, using writing-pipe.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

HONEY NOUGAT TART

Pastry: Three ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine or clean fat, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons water, squeeze of lemon juice.

Sift flour with salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to stiff dough with beaten egg-yolk, water, and lemon juice. Roll thinly on floured board, line 7in. tart-plate. Prick base well with fork and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

Filling: One cup honey, ¼ cup fine white breadcrumbs, ½ cup coconut, ½ cup chopped peel, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Warm honey and fold in other ingredients. Pill into cooked pastry-case. Return to oven until filling is heated through. Serve hot with or without custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Squire, Latrobe, Tas.

CHINESE CURRY CAKES

Half pound cooked corned beef, ½lb. sausage meat, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 chopped peeled tomato, 2 teaspoons curry powder (or less, according to taste), pinch pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, salt to taste.

Mince corned beef finely, mix with sausage meat. Add all other ingredients, mixing well together. Mould into cakes, using a little seasoned flour. Fry in fuming fat until lightly browned on both sides. Serve hot with curry sauce.

Curry Sauce: One dessertspoon fat, ½ small chopped onion, 1 scant tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 or 2 chopped peeled tomatoes, 1 cup vegetable stock.

Melt fat, add onion, and fry until brown. Stir in flour and curry powder; cook until brown. Add cayenne and chopped tomatoes. Add stock gradually, stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Strain and serve hot with curry cakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. E. Irvine, C/o 348 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

DOUBLE-CRUST BLACKBERRY PIE

Half-pound shortcrust pastry, 1lb. ripe blackberries, 1 level dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, castor sugar.

Roll shortcrust thinly, line 7in. tart-plate, reserving a portion to cover top. Pill with blackberries and moisten edges. Cover with remaining pastry, pressing edges lightly together. Do not pinch a frill. Bake in hot oven (425 deg. F.) approximately 20 minutes. When cooked, carefully lift top crust and add butter, sugar, and nutmeg, mixing well with a fork. Replace top, sprinkle with castor sugar, and serve with custard or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Thorgersen, George St., Moonta, S.A.

THE blackberry filling suggested in one of the prizewinning recipes on this page may be used instead of the peaches in this covered tart.

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WOOL TEAMS.

Romance of Wool

The transporting of the wool clips to the nearest railway or city has always been one of the problems for the Australian grazier.

From the earliest days of the camel trains to the famous bullock and horse teams, huge waggons with 40 to 50 bales of wool have been drawn up to 240 miles over very rough tracks to the rail-heads with not a waterhole in 100 square miles, or, as a contrast, a "bullocky" may have to camp for many weeks on a river bank waiting for the flood waters to fall to allow a crossing to be made.

The spreading railways and fast motor transport have been a great boon to outback graziers, but with them have been lost the more "romantic" days of the wool waggon.

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THE POTTER AT HIS WHEEL. Masao Toyoda shapes a teapot from the clay. Then he makes the lid. When asked how he judged the size he replied, "With eye measure, unless I am making a great many."

SHOJI HAMADO, Japanese potter, owner of the Mashiko potteries, is well known in the ceramic world. His work attracted Bernard Leach, English potter, who persuaded him to study in England.

Primitive pottery . . .

● First post-war pottery exhibition to be arranged in Japan, at Tokio, attracted large numbers of Allied visitors for the ten days of its duration.

ARTICLES on show were from the Hamado potteries, which in pre-war days were almost as well known in London as in Japan.

The pottery was all of the very heavy domestic type, primitive in design and execution—dinner and tea sets, plates, dishes of all types, basins, teapots, each piece hand-done and meant to last for many generations.

The story of the owner of the potteries, Shoji Hamado, is well known in the ceramic world. Before World War I, while he was a student at a ceramic school in Kyoto, he met the famous English potter, Bernard Leach, who was so impressed by his work that he persuaded him to go to England and Wales for further study.

His studies completed, Hamado returned to Japan, searched for a spot where there were suitable clay deposits, decided on Mashiko, acquired a farm in the neighborhood, and there set up his kilns.

We set out early on the 80-mile drive from Tokio. The road, as in most of Japan, varied from bad to worse (no road repairs were done throughout the war), but the going was always full of interest. We passed through the still-sodden areas where the Tone River had broken its neglected dykes some two months previously and flooded the countryside for miles.

As usual in this thickly populated country, swarming village followed swarming village in quick succession. None of the inhabitants seem to have any road sense, and reckless youngsters were forever missing death from the car wheels by inches.

"Kamikaze kids," the harassed drivers call them.

On either side of the road streiched the most extensive plain areas of Japan. Rice, cut with absurd toy knives and hand-harvested, was drying on racks in the autumn sunshine. On mats in the streets or under the thatched eaves of houses the winter store of food was drying out—golden persimmons, scarlet capsicums, white radishes, yams thinly sliced, fish, beans, turnips.

Parents were taking gaily kimonoed children to be blessed at village shrines. Here and there a village was having the excitement of a visit from the devil-chasers, a festively dressed crowd dragging a paper-decorated structure and making a great to-do with many primitive instruments, the leaders being the noisiest and most articulate.

It took us six hours to reach our destination.

Through the gates a path led across the fields to the house. A platform of earth a few feet wide separated the house from the rice-cropped land.

Potters at work

AT the back of the house half-a-dozen workmen were seated on the ground glazing or decorating pottery pieces which had been through one baking process and would undergo another. The glazing mixture was in a small barrel, and each article was dipped in it by hand and then left on the ground to drain.

One workman was decorating some of the vessels by the simple process of dipping a finger into a bowl filled with a brown liquid and placing dots at intervals round the piece.

Behind was a row of kilns—eight ovens in all so simply made it was hard to believe they could withstand the heat of 1300 degrees Centigrade at which the pottery is baked. Fuel used is red pine from the countryside, which gives a "long, safe, pure flame," Hamado told us.

The ovens take 24 hours to cool.

THE farmhouse kitchen at Mashiko potteries showing the cook stirring the family dinner with chopsticks. Fire in a brazier is sunk in floor; pots are suspended from bamboo pole.

Wood ash is used to get the green and red shades which, with the natural clay shade, comprise the range of colors. Colored pots are baked at a lower temperature than the natural shade.

Nearly all the articles are ordered in advance. The bakings are done only seven or eight times a year.

But it was the shaping of the pots by the potters which was the most fascinating part.

The clay, previously washed, is dumped in a thatched shed near the kilns. In front of it, facing the light, is a row of half-a-dozen wooden potters' wheels. The potter sits in front of the wheels with a vessel containing water near him. He has three or four primitive tools that look like a steel file and small spatula, but the potter whom we watched used only his hands and a small sliver of bamboo.

After taking a sizable lump of clay from the heap, he fitted a short stick into a hole in the wheel and, with an expert jerk, set the wheel spinning.

With moist hands he waxed the clay until a teapot shaped itself

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GLAZING and decorating pots which have been baked once, and will be baked again. One of the potters is about to dip a piece in the glazing mixture. The other is decorating a vessel.

WORKMEN unpacking the kilns. The pottery has been baked at 1300 degrees Centigrade, and left 24 hours in the oven to cool. Wood ash is used to get green and red which with natural clay shade comprise the color range.

THE HAMADO HOMESTEAD. The fields come, as usual in Japan, right up to the house. One of the farm girls has just brought along a basket of washed vegetables. Under the eaves daikon (radishes) are drying for winter food. Girl's footwear is wooden geta, usual outdoor footwear for young and old.

Swiftly he cut it off from the mass with his sliver of bamboo and then proceeded to make the lid.

"How do you judge the size of the lid?" I asked.

"With eye measure," he replied. "I use a tool only if I am making a great number like a hundred; then my eye gets tired and not to be trusted."

The potters work in three-hour shifts. It takes three years to learn, they say, five to become expert. Most of them do glazing and baking, also.

Back at the house, we removed our shoes and had a meal in its one "European-style" room. Hamado brought the furniture from England over 30 years ago—an oak dining-table and chairs, a spinning-wheel, and a grandfather clock. The clock had stopped. Hanging under the eaves of the house were some newly dyed skeins of homespun wool, which seemed to show that the spinning-wheel was still in use.—**Alice Jackson.**

Daffodil glory

NOW is the time to take the daffodils out of their summer hiding places, dust them, and set them out.

It is really surprising how much color and fragrance those shiny brown bulbs can produce when grown in good soil in a slightly sheltered spot, where they are not scorched by the sun on the hot days that often roll along in springtime.

The soil, if just of the ordinary backyard variety, should be dug over well, all big stones and rough stuff removed, and then built up with well-rotted manure or bonemeal.

The manure must have stood for a long time and should be broken up finely and mixed in with the soil, not laid down in a mass, for daffodils dislike anything approaching fresh organic matter.

How to plant them

PLACE the bulbs upright and cover them with at least 3in. or more of soil. They can be spaced in accordance with the arrangement desired and the length of time they are to remain in the same spot, for under good conditions they multiply rapidly.

Daffodils require good drainage and regular watering once the foliage appears above ground, and in a wet season, such as we are experiencing in eastern States, it will pay to raise the beds well above the usual level if the soil is at all heavy.

Some of the best varieties of narcissus (the family name for all daffodils) are King Alfred, Lord Roberts, Emperor, Cleopatra, Van Waveren's Giant, Bulbocodium (Hoop Petticoat), and Sir Francis Drake. These are all self yellow trumpet types.

White-winged types, white-and-sulphur trumpets, barri types, polyanthus narcissus, jonquils, Ledsii types, and Incomparabilis are also members of the same colorful and fragrant family worth growing and planting now. Bulb planting can extend well into May in some parts of Australia, but the earlier the bulbs are set out the better.—**Our Home Gardener.**

Infectious fevers of childhood

THE occurrence of seasonal feverish complaints which affect early childhood should be a warning to every young mother to learn the signs and symptoms and nursing treatment of the commonest of these ailments.

She should also make use of the immunisation facilities now available to her children, which are a defence against these epidemic diseases.

A leaflet describing signs, stages, and simple nursing treatment of childish complaints can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

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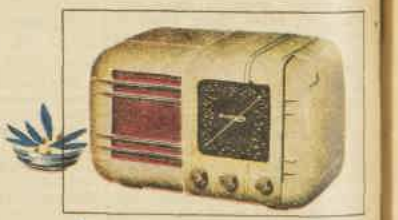

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F5013

F5014

F5014.—Peplum dress with new low neckline. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/10.

F5015.—One-piece with all-round fullness in the skirt, and bow tie neckline. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/10.

F5016.—Three-piece lingerie set, in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. material and 2yds. lace edging for nightgown; 2½yds., 36in. material and 3½yds. lace edging for slip; 1yd., 36in. material and 1yd. lace edging for briefs. Price 3/6.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"MARJORIE"—Well-cut Maternity Suit

The suit is available either ready-made or cut out to make up in spun rayon. The deep wrap-over skirt fastens at the back. The boxy jacket has turned-back revers, collar, and two pockets in front. The short sleeves are finished with a cuff.

Colors for "Marjorie": Powder-blue, silver - grey, chocolate - brown, almond-green, and navy-blue, all with design of white bows.

Ready to Wear: Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 69/11 (9 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 72/6 (9 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 52/6 (9 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 55/- (9 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

"AMANDA"—House-gown

The softly flared skirt of the house-gown falls from the waistline, which is extended at the centre-back to give a smooth line. It may be obtained ready to wear or cut out to make up in slub rayon.

Colors: Maize and grey backgrounds with design of blue flowers, green leaves outlined in black. Beige background with grey flowers, green leaves outlined in navy. White with chartreuse flowers, green leaves outlined in brown.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 77/11 (9 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 79/6 (9 coupons). Postage 1/8½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 59/6 (9 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 62/6 (9 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering Fashion Frocks, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

977

F5015

F5016

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491C, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 977.—5-PIECE LAYETTE FOR BABY

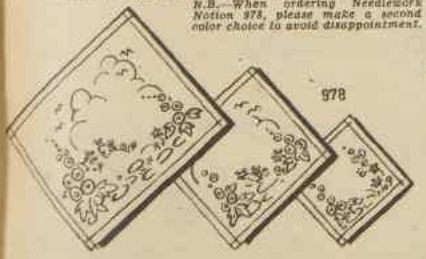
The layette is traced on cream rayon twill that is ideal for baby's wear, and consists of nightgown, slip, pilchers, bonnet, and frock. Both the nightie and frock have a small tucked yoke, and the slip has two tucks at the shoulder so that the garments can grow with baby.

Prices: **Nightgown,** 11/6 (3 coupons), postage 6½d. extra. **Slip,** 5/6 (2 coupons), postage 5½d. extra. **Pilchers,** 3/11 (1 coupon), postage 4½d. extra. **Bonnet,** 3/11 (no coupons), postage 4½d. extra. **Frock,** 12/6 (3 coupons), postage 6½d. extra. **Full Set,** 36/11 (9 coupons). Postage 10½d. extra.

No. 978.—LUNCHEON SET

The luncheon set is traced ready to embroider on pure Irish linen in attractive shades of pale pink, sky-blue, pale lemon, green, white. The centre mat is 17in. x 11in., place mats 11in. x 11in., and the small mats 8in. x 5in. Price, 12/11 (no coupons). Postage 8½d. extra. Serviettes to match the set may be purchased for 1/3½ each.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notion 978, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



978

HANSEN'S JUNKET IS GOOD BECAUSE IT'S HEALTHFUL

Essential vitamins and proteins in an easily assimilated form are contained in Hansen's Junket made from milk.

BETTER BECAUSE IT'S RICHEST IN RENNET

Hansen's Junket sets quicker and firmer than ordinary junket because it is strongest in rennet.

BEST BECAUSE OF ITS QUALITY

Hansen's Junket has maintained the same high quality since its inception.

Presenting a lovelier you!

So charmingly soft, so rich in colour that imprisons a thousand shimmering lights — that was the hair you used to have, and that is the hair in all its full beauty Camilatone Tonrinz offers you now! Your Chemist, Hairdresser or Store has Camilatone beauty shampoo, including special Tonrinz to suit your colouring for only 3d.

Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ
PUTS SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR

A nursery favourite for generations

Careful mothers, constantly washing grubby hands, guarding against dirt-borne infection in cuts and grazes, will use a soap that protects as it cleans—Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Containing an antiseptic prescribed by doctors for certain skin treatments, Wright's gets deep into the pores to float out dirt and protects against the risk of surface infection. Kiddies love its fresh, clean smell. Use it yourself.

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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
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